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August 12, 1920

Life

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Norman
Mailer

"A Light Haired Woman Will Cross Your Path"

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L I F E

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The Best on the Beach!

At the end of a perfect swim—"Whistle".
It's great! And refreshing! And dee-licious!
Something to be glad about? You said it!
It's bottled sunshine.
Just drift to some nearby place where you can
pucker up your lips and

WHISTLE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



XUM

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

Opposite Pennsylvania Terminal New York

The Public Ought to be Told

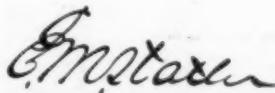
There are lots of things about hotel life that I've always thought the public ought to be told. Here, for instance, is a little hint which you may, sometime, be glad you saw and remembered:

If something unsatisfactory happens, back along the line of human connections through which service has to flow, the way to get it right is to *place your complaint high enough*. Don't complain to a waiter or bus-boy, but to a headwaiter, not to a bell-boy or page or porter, when you should put it to the assistant-manager.

In the Pennsylvania and the Statler Hotels you're promised satisfaction. The policies of the business, and the manager's intentions, are to give you full measure of what you're promised. It's a responsibility; and, naturally, the higher you go with your complaint, the more of that responsibility will you find working for you.

Why? Well, waiters and bell-boys change jobs oftener than executives, and are less interested in their jobs. Our "labor turnover" is pretty low, very low for a big hotel; and it is lowest among those employees who can understand and practice our policies—we're always weeding out the other kind. When you make your complaint to a department head, or to someone more responsible than the one who isn't giving you the required standard of service, you'll get action. It's a big part of my job to see that you do.

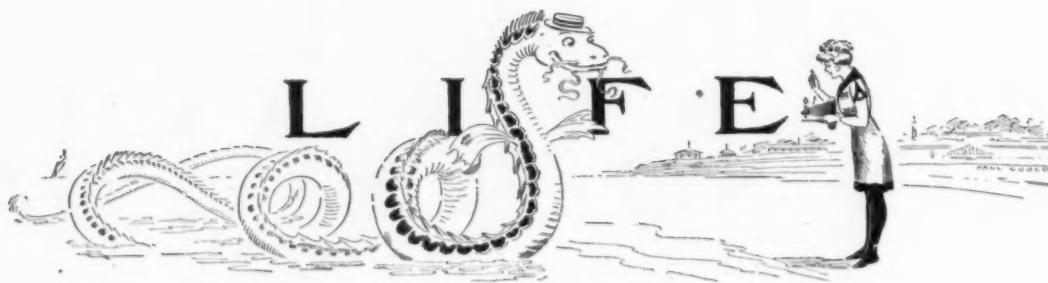
Speaking of the Pennsylvania, it may interest you mildly to know that in one month of thirty days, we served 262,017 meals—an average of 8,733 a day; and that the average number of registered guests was 2,874. That will help you to see that we have too much at stake to be indifferent about what kind of service you get—because we want to keep up this habit of breaking records.




Hotel Pennsylvania, with its 2200 rooms, 2200 baths, is the largest hotel in the world—built and operated for discriminating travelers who want the best there is.

Associated with it are the four Hotels Statler in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; and each of these five hotels makes reservations for all the others. All have private baths, circulating icewater and other unusual conveniences in every room.

An entire block of ground in Buffalo has just been bought, for a new Hotel Statler.



Confidential Guide to LIFE'S Contributors



Grant M. Overton — Mr. Overton writes as follows:

I was born on Long Island of almost exclusively Long Island ancestry running back from eight to ten generations in the various lines, and all derived from English migrants to America in the seventeenth century. At the age of twenty-two I threw up a very fair job as a reporter on a San Francisco newspaper, and shipped before the mast on a limejuicer, a full-rigged ship, the Wayfarer of Liverpool, spending one hundred and forty days in the fo'c'sle on a passage around Cape Horn to Leith, Scotland. Within a year after my return to New York, someone drew my attention to Joseph Conrad's fiction. It is the only fiction which has kept the highest place in my mind and heart during the ten years that have elapsed since then.

Well, I went to school here and in New Jersey, and spent two years at Princeton, and started at nineteen on the *Sun*, thanks to the indulgence of Chester S. Lord. That was at the close of 1906. In the fall of 1908 I went West, working on a Denver newspaper for four months and a San Francisco sheet for five months; and going to sea—a mere taste of it. On getting home I went back on the *Sun*; in July, 1916, I became

an editorial writer; in February, 1918, the *Sun* started a book section, and I was put in charge of that.

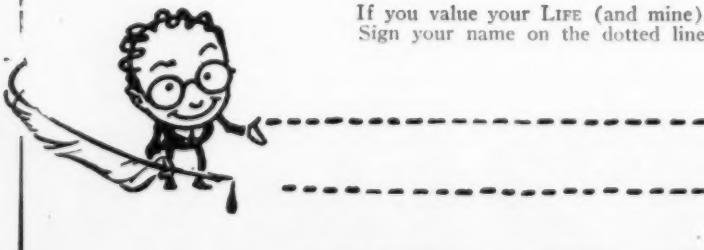
While doing the *Sun's* book section I evolved a whole theory of book reviewing, reduced very imperfectly to practice, no doubt, but applied as conscientiously as I know how in writing about books for LIFE. It can be compressed into a sentence, like many of LIFE's notes on new books: What you say about a book should enable anyone who reads it to determine for himself, instinctively and with almost unfailing accuracy, whether he wants to read that book or not.

Obviously, that is an ideal, and it isn't easy, and it may be accomplished as often by indirection as by flat statements about the book; it may even lie in what you *don't* say about the book. But it's the only thing worth trying for. It doesn't deal with whether Dominick Jones or Harriet Apostrophe will *like* the book, but whether the book will interest them, whether they will want to *read it*.

Victor C. Anderson — Up to the present hour repeated efforts to get Mr. Anderson to disclose his identity have been unavailing.



If you value your LIFE (and mine),
Sign your name on the dotted line.



Special Offer

Also, when you fill out the handsome art coupon just to the left, put your address below it and indicate the amount you are enclosing as follows:

First. If you wish to avail yourself of our very special three months' offer—twelve issues—(open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate), then enclose \$1. (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40.)

Second. If you wish to subscribe for one year, then enclose \$5. (Canadian \$5.80, Foreign \$6.60.)



THE first look tells the smarter,
more graceful difference of
Silvertown Cords; the first ride,
their easier-running difference; the
first check-up on mileage, their
lower-cost difference.

Goodrich Silvertown

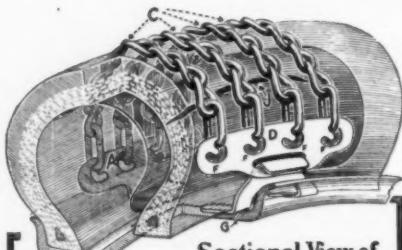
America's First CORD TIRE

The Goodrich Adjustment Basis: Silvertown Cords, 8000 Miles; Fabric Tires, 6000 Miles



Three Automobile Necessities

Weed Tire Chains, Weed Chain-Jacks and Dobbins Blow-Out Chains



Sectional View of
Dobbins Blow-Out Chain in place

A - Main Plate	F - Curved Slots permitting adjustment for due amount of tension
B - Bent Lip on Main Plate	G - Rim of wheel
C - Cross Chains	H - Inner Patch
D - Second Plate	J - Blow-out
E - Auxiliary Hook	

PRICE LIST

\$1.00 each for 3" and 3½" tires
1.50 " " 4" and 4½" "
1.75 " " 5½ and 6" "

If your dealer does not have them, write us
and we will see that your needs are supplied

"**Weed Tire Chains**, Mr. _____, have safeguarded you and your family from skidding accidents for many years. They've given your cars traction in sand, mud, snow and on wet, greasy, slippery pavements. They are good old friends, indeed.

"**Weed Chain-Jacks** have minimized the labor of tire changing for you and your wife. To lift a car with a Weed Chain-Jack, you give a few easy pulls on its endless chain. To lower, you simply pull the chain in the opposite direction. Up or down, there's no labor.

"**Dobbins Blow-Out Chains** complete the trio of 'Auto Necessities.' They are often referred to as a 'Spare Tire in the Tool Box.' When your last spare tire 'goes bang,' you don't have to run on the rims or wait on the road for a new shoe. You can quickly and securely hold the worst blow-out with this wonderful device and go merrily on your way. You'll try them? Good! They only cost \$1.50 for your 4½ inch tires. Yes, that includes an inner patch. You also want a folder descriptive of them to give to a friend. I am sorry to say that I haven't one left. I'll order a supply of them today from the

American Chain Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut



In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

*The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain
to Ships' Anchor Chain*

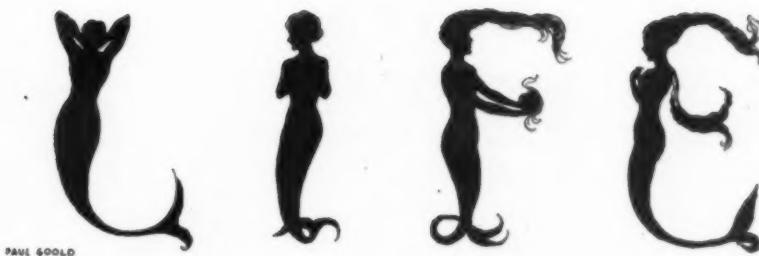
District Sales Offices:

General Sales Office: Grand Central Terminal, New York City
Boston Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburg

Portland, Ore.

San Francisco





PAUL GOOLD

Canned Oratory

SENATOR HARDING and Governor Coolidge have decided to use the phonograph as a medium for disseminating their campaign propaganda, and a number of their speeches have already been retailed to the public through talking machines (how appropriate!) in every city, town and hamlet from Marion, Ohio, to Northampton, Mass.

It is a great scheme, and one which will undoubtedly be followed up by politicians everywhere. As soon as the scientists succeed in developing a phonograph that is capable of carrying a record larger—considerably larger—than the present twelve-inch limit, the campaign woes of the average candidate will be

practically eliminated. He will not have to swing around the country on tedious speechmaking tours, but will be able to sit at home on his front porch and talk the entire country to a standstill, if necessary.

And think what such an innovation will mean to Congress! The senators and representatives will place recording instruments on their desks to catch every word that is said, so that, during the long, dull winter evenings, their constituents will be able to roll back the carpets, put the *Congressional Record* on the phonograph, and enjoy all the hardships of Washington life at home.



"AND WHOM DID YOU VOTE FOR, MISS SOPHY?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, THE REPUBLICAN WAS SIMPLY STUNNINGLY GOOD-LOOKING. BUT THE DEMOCRAT HAD ALWAYS BEEN PERFECTLY SPLENDID TO HIS FAMILY, SO I MARKED BOTH BALLOTS, CLOSED MY EYES, SHUFFLED THEM, PUT ONE IN THE BOX AND TORE UP THE OTHER. NOTHING COULD BE FAIRER THAN THAT."

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1919, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-three years. In that time it has expended \$183,025.49 and has given a fortnight in the country to 40,802 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column. Checks should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and addressed to LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

Balance	\$8,223.77
Eleanor and Sam Borton.....	25.00
James M. Motley	25.00
Dorothea Allyn	10.00
Arnold Thayer	25.00
H. C. Whiting	10.00
In memory of "Isabel Claire"	10.00
Alan B. Moody	9.00
Mrs. N. Todd Porter, Jr.	10.00
Commander J. B. Earle, U. S. N.	20.00
Mrs. George Chahoon	15.00
Proceeds of flower and lemonade sale conducted by Margaret F. Cluett.	4.23
William A. Nash	25.00
"In loving memory of James Dwight Rockwell"	100.00
R. W. T.	10.00
Mrs. L. B. Gallehee	10.00
Anon.	20.00
Mrs. C. A. Brewster, Miss C. M. Brewster and Miss G. L. Brewster.	20.00
Rotairea	25.00
Mrs. William H. Downey	25.00
M. T.	1.00
In memory of Julia C. Smith	25.00
Helen M. Bowers	5.00
Anonymous	5.00
Mrs. H. B. N.	25.00
In memory of K. F. F.	20.00
M. M.	100.00
R. L. Chipman	25.00
Mrs. Philip Kobb	5.00
S. L. S.	100.00
C. S. Goldthwait	25.00
"In memory, S. W. Buffalo"	5.00
W. Goulding	4.48
Sir John Kirk	2.00
Margaret Reed French	2.00
Maude S. Shriver	20.00
Gertrude Gilbert	100.00
Adelaide Avery	1.00
Katharine Avery	1.00
E. Van Voorhis	25.00
"Little Peter Pan Gilchrist"	10.00
Carl C. Kittleman	10.00
Hector Maiben	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCulloch.	25.00
Mrs. John H. Garth	10.00
Anonymous	50.00
Memory of Warren Ellis	100.00
A. R. H.	5.00
Billy Mullen	1.00
Dorothy Griggs	15.00
Markley Stevenson	5.00

"In memory of M. A. W. and M. B. W."	10.00
Ella F. Conklin	4.00
Clara A. H. Reed	20.00
"In memory of C. McK. L."	10.00
Esther B. Pearson	10.00
Edna E. Schumann	5.00
Carlton Irene Balliett	10.00
"Buddy"	10.00
John, Robert and Jane Jameson	15.00
Jessie C. Graham	8.00
A. F. Warren	5.00
Ethel Du Bois	25.00
T. B. Preston	10.00
C. Paul	20.00
Dorothy and Margaret Elms	10.00
Joseph B. Sheffield	7.00
Jean Cragin	5.00
Carrie B. Beall	9.00
Mrs. Wm. J. Binney	5.00
Sarah Tod Bulkley	50.00
"In memory of M. L. H."	2.00
Mrs. Benton McMillin	10.00
Adelene Salisbury	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Shearman	5.00
"In memory of a friend"	10.00
Mrs. W. A. Edgerton	2.50

\$9,701.98

(This statement includes all contributions received before July 13, 1920.)

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Some children's clothing from Kelland and Edward Gross, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Children's hats, ties, dresses and shirts from Mrs. John Snyder, Branchville, Conn.

Child's body dress, underskirt, pair of drawers from Louise T. Hopkins, Thomasville, Ga.

Common Talk

FIRST WEALTHY AUTOIST: Well, how're you making it?

SECOND WEALTHY AUTOIST: Not so much. It's these long waits at the ferries that take it out of a fellow.

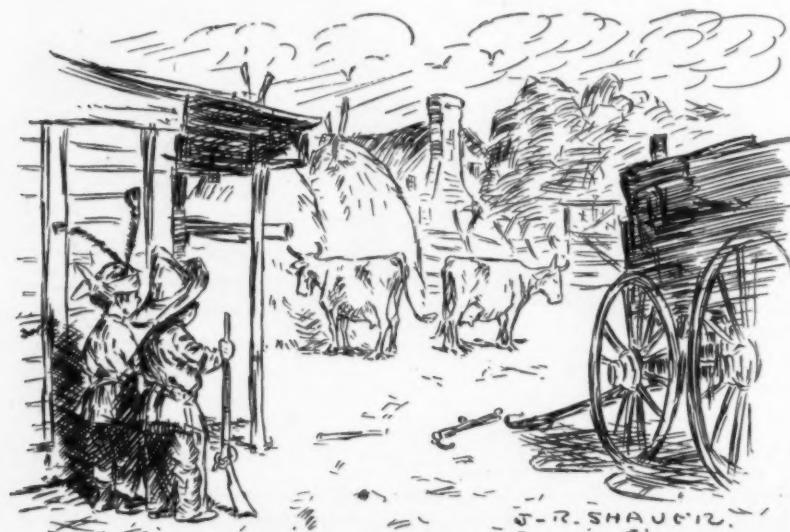
"That's right. It took me four hours to get over Dyckman Street yesterday."

"And you can't travel by train."

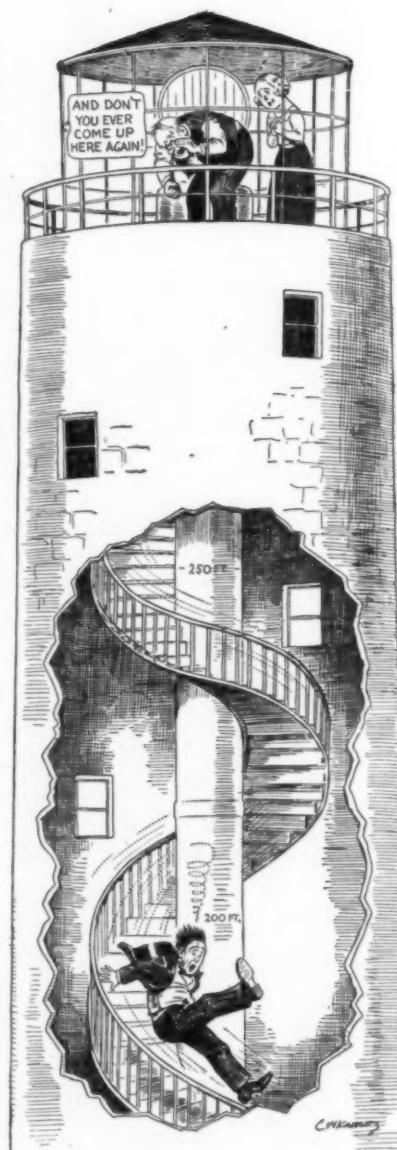
"No, you can't travel by train. The government certainly has balled things up."

"I don't know what we're coming to—and with gas what it is."

"What are you paying now?"



WHAT THEY DREAMED THEY WOULD DO AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM



DISADVANTAGE OF WOOING A LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER

"On the road, anywhere from thirty-five cents, and it's molasses at that."

"Terrible stuff! I got a place where I get it at thirty."

"Oh, well, it doesn't make much difference. We pay the freight anyway. I don't mind paying a hundred a case for rye—when it's right—but I kick at wine at twenty-five a quart. That's going some, eh?"

"The trouble is that the people of this country don't take any interest in the government."

"That's what I say. And it's easy marks like you and me that have to stand for it."

"You've said it!"

*Campaign Oratory**Senator Sounder Stumps for His Party*

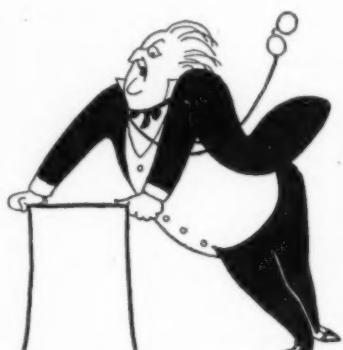
"As the most convincing way of pointing out the pitiful shortcomings of the opposing party, I shall briefly review the most glaring failures of its lamentable sojourn in power.



"During its first year there occurred one of the worst failures of the sugar crop in Abyssinia, which cost the American house-keeper thousands of dollars!



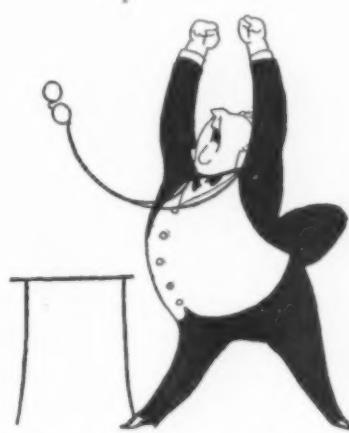
"Has it protected American citizens abroad? We have statistics to show that fourteen of our compatriots have died of dread disease in northern Bessarabia!



"What has it done for the farmer? The latest figures show that there are now 631,294 more potato bugs in this country than there were four years ago.



"Oh, what a mockery has been the conduct of its foreign relations! Witness the internecine warfare that has been raging in the foothills of Zambesia between the kurds and the wheys!



"Turn to the figures on rainfall. In no year has it come up to the standard maintained by any previous party.



"Has it made this country a safe place to live in? The jails are emptier, and there have been fewer arrests than at any time in ten years.



"But of all inglorious deeds, I ask you to recall the blizzard of last winter, which brought sorrow and sufferings into the homes of thousands of innocent taxpayers!



"To prevent a recurrence of such acts as these, you have, I assure, only to give your trust and your vote to my illustrious party!"

On with the Dance

MERCEDES and I went somewhere to dance, the other night. In the vernacular, I shake a fairly nasty hoof—not that the management of any place has ever begged me to favor the patrons with an exhibition, but I generally manage to keep my partners from a sudden attack of total collapse after the first encore. And I must say the smooth path we tripped last night was not as smooth as it might have been. We were bumped and jostled unmercifully. After melting away for the third time to the muffled bleatings of an atavistic saxophone, to be rudely awakened for the third time by a sharp, alien elbow, or a French heel carefully set down on my delicately molded instep, I began to speculate. Incidentally, I approve of this form of speculation. It jeopardizes nothing of greater value than one's intelligence.

"Mercedes," I remarked, "why isn't a dance floor subject to the same regulations as a skating rink?"

Mercedes is quick to comprehend. She did not think I was asking her a riddle.

"You mean," she asked, as we were filliped by a careening couple who must have aggregated two hundred and sixty-six pounds, F. O. B., "that a place should be set apart for inexperts?"

"Exactly, my dear," said I. "Of course, in a skating rink the idea of setting apart a place is to protect the inexpert. On a dance floor the idea would naturally be reversed. Why not have a paddock for elderly couples? Why must the rest of us suffer the painful gyrations of a pair of octogenarian fallen arches—or yet the idiosyncrasies of a style of dancing taught by mail—or by phonograph—or by sheer will power?"

"Slow-moving vehicles, keep to the right," said Mercedes, chuckling. "But the elderly persons are not the only offenders. What would you do with those individuals who plunge about, spread-elbow—and those who, relying upon their superior weight, sweep everything before them, serenely oblivious of the fact that they have not engaged the floor for the evening—

and that singular anomaly who, eyes blissfully closed, persists in dancing backwards, until he ends up in a terrific crash—particularly if you happen to be backward at that moment?"

"It is not being expedient to throw them all out," I replied. "I should give them a small portion of the center of the floor, preferably with a rainbow-hued spotlight. That ought to content them. And it would be very easy to put these excellent suggestions into effect. All one should need would be a tactful master of ceremonies to watch the dancers and to segregate them accordingly."

Whereupon the music stopped for a time, and Mercedes and I went back to our table to develop the theme further. Mercedes said she thought it would be splendid to put the whole affair on a par with running an automobile—licenses, examinations, and so forth.

"After proving to satisfaction that they could start, stop, reverse, turn in small spaces and navigate without accident," she said, "such persons could safely be given the whole of the floor without spoiling anyone else's evening."

On the back of the menu card (Mercedes having exhausted the front of it) we drew up questions for the oral examination. Mercedes approved such salient queries as, "Have you flat feet?" "Do you derive added pleasure by counting the steps you take?" "Do you dance for exercise, or have you a better excuse?" "Do you believe in keeping the old-fashioned waltz old-fashioned?" "Can you, by the music, distinguish a fox-trot from a one-step?" and "Does it annoy you to come into violent contact with other dancers? Do you try to avoid it?"

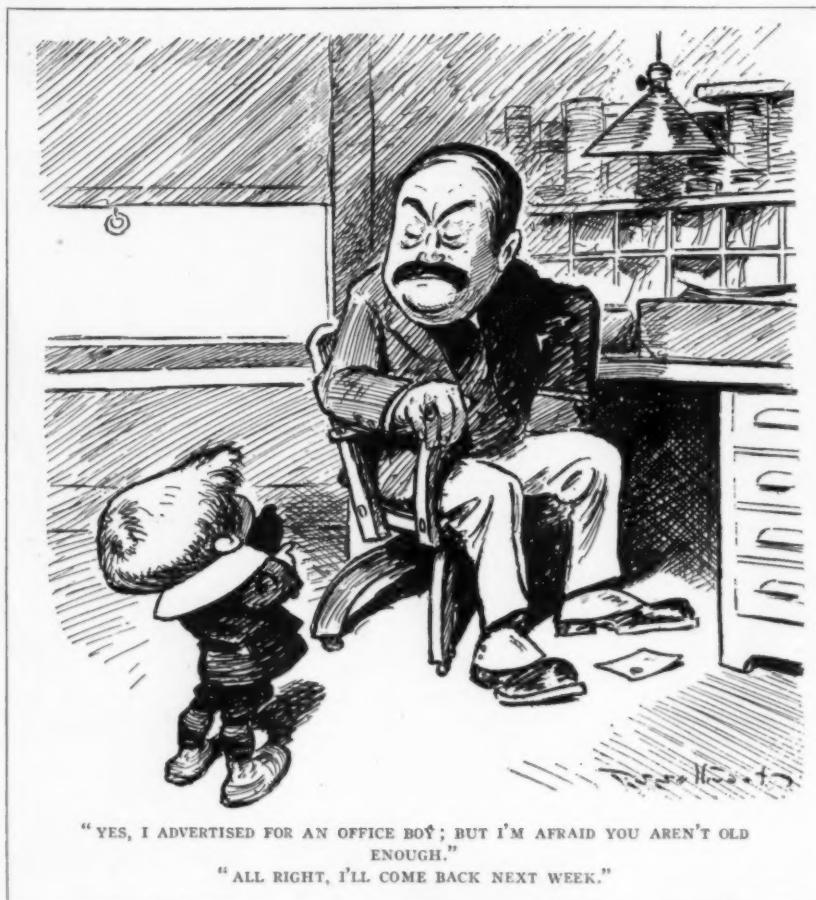
"It's really a great idea," I said.

"It's wonderful!" exclaimed Mercedes with enthusiasm. "Why don't you write something about it? And then you can take me on another party—"

"I will!" I cried, inspired by the dear girl's look of absolute confidence.

And I did, and I shall!

Henry William Hanemann.





*Jeweler (speaking of the engagement ring Jenkins has just bought): WHAT NAME SHALL WE
ENGRAVE ON IT, SIR?
Jenkins: MINE.*

Presidential Pleasantries

IT is fortunate that newspaper statements are strictly modern features of our political life, or we might have had something like the following recorded in our history (and then again, we might not):

George Washington, leading Federalist candidate for the presidency, issued the following statement from his headquarters last night:

"I can only say that Mr. Thomas Jefferson is a liar and a faker and not worth the consideration of the decent men of this country."

Mr. John Quincy Adams, when interviewed at his home this morning, said:

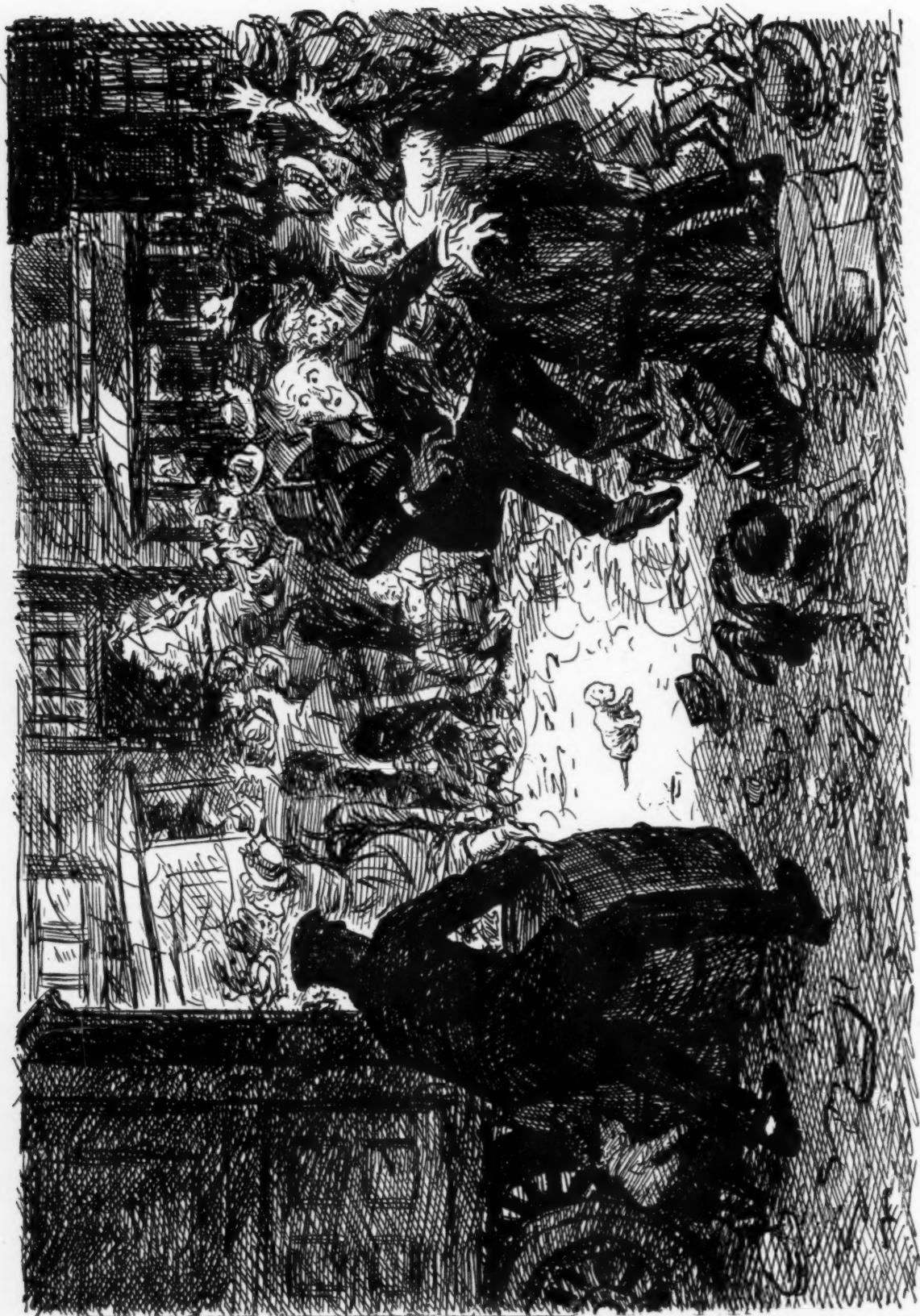
"What I don't know about Henry Clay isn't worth knowing. Ask him where he got that diamond ring, and how it happens that the initials on the case of his watch are 'M. H. L.' I don't want to say any more just now, but perhaps the police may have a statement to make later in the day."

Abraham Lincoln, when asked about Mr. Douglas's candidacy, said: "Stephen A. Douglas should not be in the White House. He should be in jail."

SOME men who have merely done their duty get sore if the crowd doesn't cheer.



SMITHERS, THE EXTREMIST, HAS JOINED THE OLD CLOTHES CLUB



MAD DOG!

Hills

FAR in the north, O hills, you stand
As lions, with a royal mane
Of forest. Wild, imperial, you command
Both wind and rain,
And brand
All mortals trespassers on your domain.

But farther south, where men have tried
To tame you, and laid bare
Your sloping side,
With but a ruffled fringe of trees
About your crest, you wear
The half-apologetic air
Of shaven spaniels—ill at ease
Although you share
The burden of the ripening grain,
And gain
In usefulness what you have lost in pride.

Wholly subdued, at last, you lie,
Shorn Samsons, in a sunny field!
Calm and benign,
With friendly smile, though half-asleep
Beneath a sweltering sky,
You yield,
Not rock, nor oak, nor pine,
But grass—for sheep!

Helene Hawes Porter.

Has to Be Trusted

WILLIS: Bump has five children. A man with a family like that nowadays deserves a lot of credit.

GILLIS: Deserves it? Great Scott, he's got to have it!



THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME



Homely Lady (in detective's office): DO YOU THINK YOU CAN SECURE ENOUGH EVIDENCE AGAINST MY HUSBAND?

Proprietor: DON'T WORRY, MADAM. IF WORST COMES TO WORST, WE'LL GET HIM TO CO-OPERATE WITH US.

Frankenstein & Co.

ABOUT a hundred years ago Mary Shelley wrote a wild, weird tale called "Frankenstein," which is very rarely read to-day, although its title is known to many. Mrs. Shelley told how Frankenstein built a mechanical man, and how he could not control it when once he had set it in motion. The dread monster went on its own way, creating havoc and dealing death and destruction, which Frankenstein was powerless to avert. Every one of the few who have read Mrs. Shelley's startling story knows that Frankenstein is the name of the man who made the monster. Most of those who have not read the tale have somehow come to the conclusion that the monster itself was called Frankenstein—which it wasn't.

So we have a Yale professor in the *Yale Review* telling us that the statesmen at the Peace Conference in Paris "raised a Frankenstein" which left them "practically helpless." The same slip was made by Mrs. Wharton in her novel, "The Reef"—and yet Mrs. Wharton produces upon her readers the impression that she has read everything ever written by anybody at any time in any language. George Eliot made the same impression on her readers in the distant mid-Victorian days—but then George Eliot didn't bestow the name of the maker of the monster on the monster itself. And the *New York Times* printed a piece the other day on "Labor as Frankenstein," in which the writer pointed out that "during the recent epidemic of strikes in basic industries and public utilities, labor roused and inspired certain inert elements in public life, which, like the monster Frankenstein created, now have a power that may become dangerous to those who bring it into being." Quite so: the manufacture of uncontrollable monsters is an unprofitable industry—and the uncontrollable monster himself is an undesirable citizen.

B. M.



EQUAL RIGHTS
THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

Wordsworth à la Mode

I MET a little city girl,
And she was gaily clad;
Yet there was something in her look
That made my old heart sad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"Why, I'm the only child," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And how is that? I pray you tell."
She answered: "Can't you see
That mother has no time for more?
Her job is studying me!"

"Her courses in psychology
Are her chief occupation,
And meetings of the Mothers' Club
Her only recreation.

"Kirkpatrick, Dewey, Thorndike,
Montessori, William James—
She's made exhaustive studies
Of their theories and aims.

"My instincts she has analyzed,
Their functionings she knows,
Their nature and their origin
She's learned to diagnose.

"The troubulous adolescent years—
She fears them not at all;
She's solved their every mystery—
With thanks to Stanley Hall!

"Since she has studied Jung and Freud,
Her aim has been to find
The psychoanalytic depths
Of my subconscious mind!

"My complexes and reflexes
She's learned to correlate;
There's not a word or look of mine
That she can't tabulate!

"Biologists, psychologists,
Professors of all factions—
Each has contributed his share
To shaping my reactions!"

"Alas, poor little maid!" said I,
"Twould put me in a passion
To be so vivisected in
That laboratory fashion!"

"Oh, see you not," the child replied,
"That I've found my vocation
In serving as the instrument
Of mother's education?"

Jane H. Posner.

The Comforter

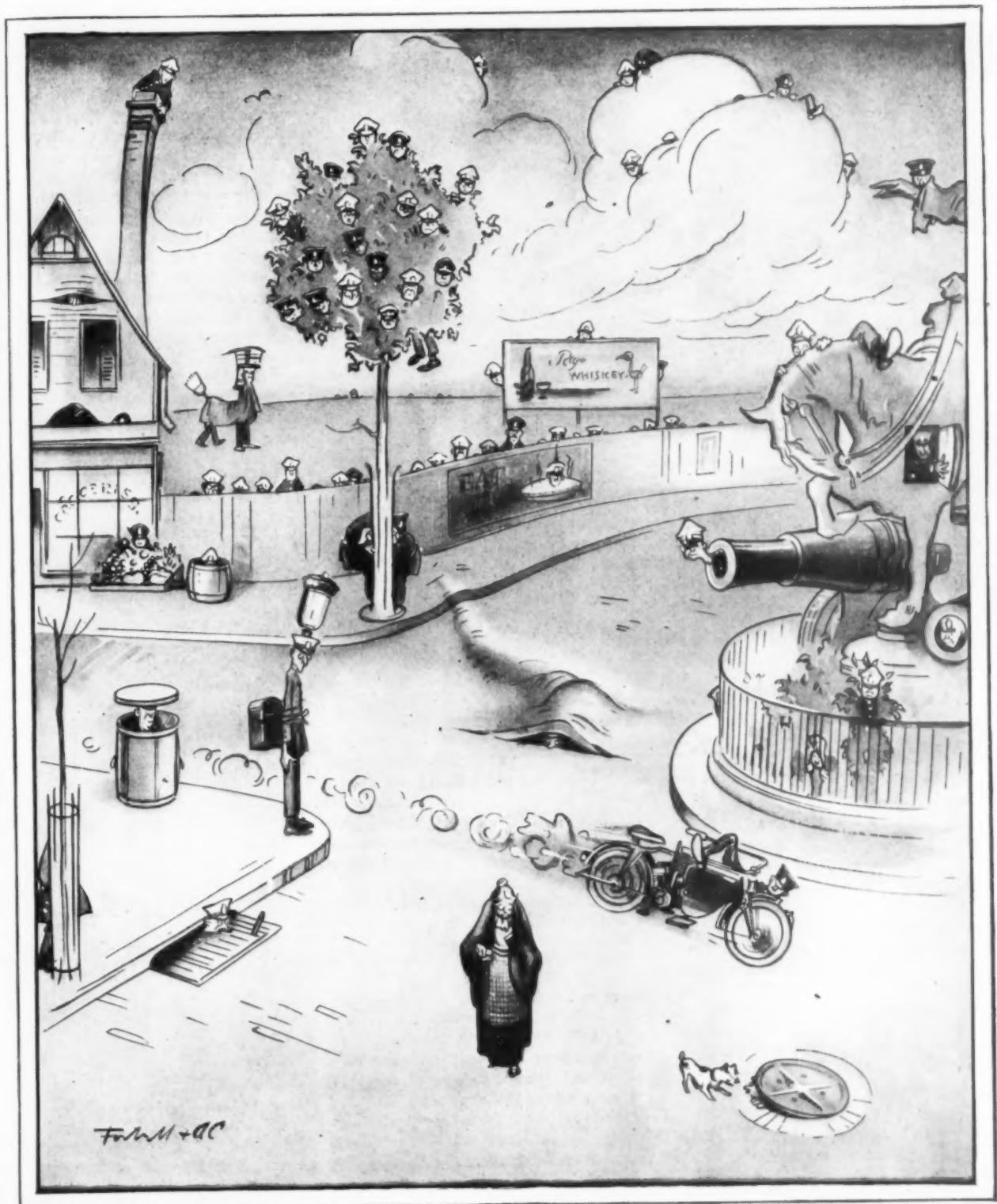
THE light of a young moon lay tenderly on the veranda. The woman in the willow chair looked very frail and helpless in its eerie light. The strong man near her leaned forward and spoke more rapidly. She seemed uncertain, wavering. There had not been time to think; she had been so newly widowed.

But as the man talked on, a radiance crept into her pretty eyes. Could such things be, such wonders? He spoke feelingly of the two dependent, chubby babes in the nursery. For them. It would be best for them. Finally, hopefully, she consented. The strong hand clasped the small feminine one fervently, and the man strode buoyantly down the path.

He had known she would consent. They always did, the frail, the helpless, the widowed. For as a vendor of bogus oil stock he had no peer.

Numerical

WE used to ask, "How many children have they?" Now, to be correct, one says, "They haven't any children, have they?"; although "There is one child, I believe?" is permissible.



PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT AGENTS LEARN THAT OLD MRS. SMITH HAS BOUGHT A YEAST CAKE



Both together: YOU POOR THING! HOW YOUR FEET MUST HURT!

Fines for Failures

WHAT vivid glimpses into university life of the future are invoked in the plan of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to tax failure and "deficiency" among its students and faculty on a strictly cash basis. One looks across vague spaces of time into a classroom, deserted save by a tragic figure whose mad pacing mars the ominous silence.

The class in advanced astrophotometry has just decided that failure is cheap at five dollars each, and the hapless professor who appears in the foreground will be obliged to settle up for about three hundred dollars covering sixty-one offenders, which would not be so bad if his class in phytopathology had not done the same thing one week before and if the numerically strong forces of the phototypographers were not still awaiting examination.

When the new educational system has

a chance to expand, it will no doubt touch the social life and the physical well-being of the students as well as their scholastic accomplishments.

Behold the future bulletin board with items that read as follows:

Failure to weigh at least one hundred and fifty pounds	\$ 1
Failure to apologize to any professor financially in your downfall.....	10
Failure to be courteous to classmates who visit your room, mistreat your piano, and attempt to sing at the moment when you are intent on preparing classes (you having already pawned your grandfather's gold watch and your own dress clothes, and being without further resources to buy your exemption). 25	

One can see the plan extending to social life and business life. Form a mental picture of the plumber turning over fif-

teen dollars fine to the agonized housewife because he has not brought along enough assistants or enough equipment to make the hot water run. Imagine the striking railroad workers paying large sums daily because they have failed to make the trains run; and the longshoremen assessed because they have not unloaded the potatoes and onions and bananas; and the truck drivers because they have not delivered said fruits and vegetables; and the dealers because they have not put them on the market.

Men and women might be taxed for not being intelligent, for not being agreeable, for not being married and for not working. Tailors would be taxed for not keeping the nation well-clothed, barbers for not keeping its hair the correct length. Theatres would have to pay when they failed to be amusing or interesting. Economic problems would be automatically adjusted, and we would enter upon the golden age that everyone is optimistically looking for.

"HERE'S another book on *How to Get into the Movies.*"

"Why on earth doesn't somebody write a book on how to get a seat after you do get in?"



THE LIMITED MALE



Automobilist: YOU MUST MAKE QUITE A LITTLE MONEY DRAWING CARS OUT OF THIS RUT IN THE ROAD.
Farmer: YES, SIR, I DO. THAT THERE RUT BRINGS ME IN ABOUT A THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.
"UM! WHO'S THE ROAD COMMISSIONER HEREABOUTS?"
"I AM."

Any Afternoon at the Bridge Club

IT certainly is splendid to have you with us again, Anne, and what a lovely coincidence that you and George and Harry and I should be at the same table. Deal, please, Harry. And to think that you have a little boy, too! Isn't it wonderful? Little Fred is so sweet—such cunning ways. Why, only yesterday he— Oh, what a *worthless* hand! I really haven't a *thing*. Did you know that Violet Matthieson has a girl? Oh, yes, four months old. The *image* of Violet. Oh, pardon me, what did you bid? Well—three spades. My goodness! Harry, I hope you have something, because I can't make it with these cards. Do you know, I really think Fred is progressing much more rapidly than the average child. Yesterday while he was having some milk he overturned his glass and started to cry a little. I asked him playfully what he wanted, and—would you believe it?—he answered 'More,' so distinctly that there wasn't a shadow of a doubt. Wasn't that clever of him? He's such a little darling!

"My play? Oh, please pardon me. That makes four tricks. Harry, I must make five more. Oh, if you had only laid down one card—then I *know* we could make it. Why, Anne, of course not! Freddy is never in the way. No, he never did that, though of course he's a little older than little George. Why, Harry, you never said that before! You always say you like to take care of him. Of course it is a bit of a nuisance on the maid's night out, when we can't leave the house because of the baby, but—only two tricks to get, but I'm afraid I played that wrong."

"Have you heard the new song, 'Gingham Blues,' from 'Tarry a While, Bessie'? I heard it on the victrola to-day. That reminds me—Freddy pulled a whole pile of records off the table on Friday, and, *my dear*, you should have seen the wreckage. Nine records were broken. Oh, yes, I punished him, but I don't have to do it often. He's so *very* obedient. I seldom even have to *scold* him."

"Oh, Harry, I *know* it's my play. I merely wished to tell Anne what a good boy Fred is. The idea! We're not making

the bridge club a babies' party. If you don't want to listen, you don't have to, but it's your own child I'm talking about—"

(To be discontinued immediately)

Not Satisfactory

SURGEON: The bill for removing your appendix is six hundred dollars. Is that satisfactory?

PATIENT: No. I didn't think you would stick a knife into a chap and then rob him!



"WE'LL SHOW THEM THIS PHOTOGRAPH WHEN THEY GROW UP,
AND THEY'LL REALIZE THEY OWE US AN APOLOGY."



LOCAL GOSSIP

Jed Lapham walked over to Truro last Tuesday. Miss Lapham told him he couldn't walk that fur. But he did, and when he come back Jed said he had a mind to get an anchor and hitch to him so he could drop it when he got home and let it drag to slow him down. He wuz afraid when he got his second wind he'd walk right by the house.

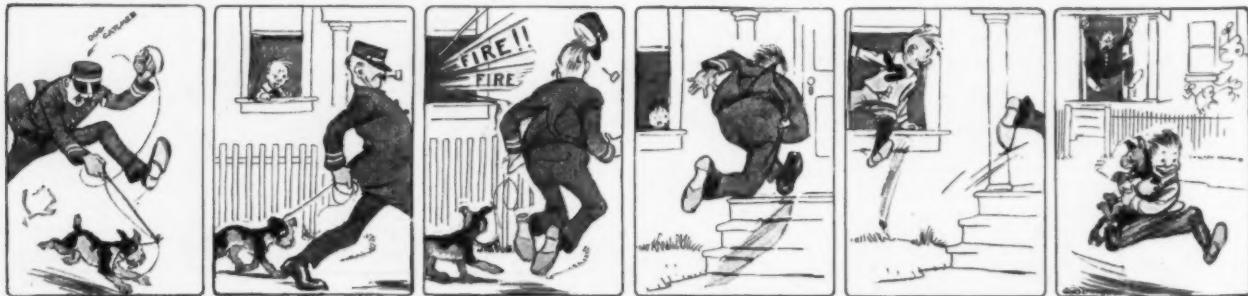
The Ring with the Seven Keys

If it were new or good enough to string
New keys upon, it might show common sense
To keep it; but what use a rusty ring,
And what is there to argue in defence
Of leaving on it seven rusty keys
More useless than a row of blasted trees?

The bookcase, bureau and old desk they fit
Went up in smoke. This one unlocked the door
That opened on my home; its cranky bit
Annoyed me nightly till the night of war.
As for the other three, I can't recall
How they were used, so thick that war-raised wall.

Is it mad sentiment or madder hope
Or a return to fetish-servitude
Which makes me keep them, as a telescope
Might help a blind man's faith in sight renewed?
Hostages? Nonsense! Yet their number, seven,
Proves that in loss we find the seventh heaven.

Richard Butler Glaenzer.



HOW AN INGENIOUS FRIEND HELPED RAGS OUT OF A BAD FIX

By All Means Own an Audience!

HAVE you a little audience in your life—someone who's always willing to lend a ready ear to your tale of woe or your Pollyanna outpourings of joy—one who can be depended on to applaud at the psychological moment?

Perhaps it has never occurred to you what a necessary adjunct a perfectly good audience is to a well-rounded existence. Just as truly as that all the world's a stage, does every mortal have something to say or sing, a tune to pipe or a dance to do. But who will stop, look and listen? There's the rub.

It is this universal craving for the understanding listener that fills the beauty parlors, where suave attendants, between treatments, murmur diplomatic responses to domestic confidences; that causes the crusty business man to frequent daily the same quick lunch, all because a black-eyed waitress there remembers how he likes his coffee.

Women marry to have an audience always at hand. The pretty, preening creatures are in constant need of someone to appreciate their changing moods, not to say apparel and all. And for what other possible reason would the average man marry, than to find some unsuspecting little home-maker who, between batches of biscuits, would find time to be an audience for his ancient jokes—one who couldn't leave after the first act? Of course by the three hundred and sixty-fifth performance her laughter might not be quite so spontaneous as at the première, but a bored listener is better than none at all.

Not infrequently are the most congenial souls found outside the family. A great trouble with families, anyway, is that one never knows whether they are going to turn the cold hose of ridicule on one's innermost thought or not.

The gentle habit of occupying the limelight is acquired early. Surrounded by oh-ing and ah-ing relatives is life's first débüt made—the lure of the footlights becoming a cosmic urge from then on. Whether in later years one is cast for the rôle of a Galli-Curci, a Harry Lauder or a John Barrymore, the necessity for having someone to say "Bravo!" grows apace.

So with that excellent institution—the private audience. If you haven't one already, like the fire exits at the theatre, choose one now, not forgetting the asbestos curtain in case your victim tries to escape under a barrage of fire. Your working day is not complete without a private little claque to shout "Encore!"

Opulence

PARKE: Well, I've just had a considerable increase in my income.

LANE: Wonderful! Must be a great help.

"It is. It has extended my credit so much that my wife can run into debt twice as much as she could."



"Well, the big stiffs only give us a rotten little six hundred million"



AUGUST 12, 1920

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 76
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proceeded to kick it down stairs.

In that particular Mr. Harding has done an effective job. Mr. Lodge himself could not have improved on it—doubtless did improve on it all he could while it was still in the making, and rejoiced in it perfected.

There was the sort of confidence in Senator Lodge's address of salutation to Senator Harding that savored of knowledge, accurate and precise. "Here today," he said, "you will chart the course to be followed by the Republican party, and will declare your purposes and those of the party you lead. . . . We await this declaration untroubled by any doubts and with the most entire confidence, (knowing) that you are a patriotic American, imbued with the spirit of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt, (and who) will always think with complete unselfishness of your country and your country's interests first, a high qualification for an exalted office not too familiar to us of late, and therefore peculiarly necessary at this moment."

Everyone who read Mr. Harding's speech of acceptance shou'd also have read Mr. Lodge's speech of salutation. Mr. Lodge is, so far, the Republican winner. Things have come his way. There is more humor in his speech than in Mr. Harding's, as when he said to the candidate: "It is not for us to enumerate

(policies) to you, for it is to you that we look to set forth the proper policies to be pursued by the Republican party, both in the campaign and when charged with the responsibility of administration and legislation." The full report in the *Evening Sun* of Mr. Lodge's remarks does not mention "laughter" or "cheers" at this point, but it is much as though Mr. Henry Ford, in an address of congratulation to the Ford car, should say: "It is not for me to prescribe to you, whose merits have won the confidence of millions, how to do your job, but knowing as I do the kind of works you have in you and who has thought them out and tinkered them, I look, untroubled by any doubts, to you to set forth to the admiration of beholders the proper manner for a motor car to travel on the road."

The representative Republican of this campaign is Senator Lodge. It is he who has won his fight. Neither Johnson nor Borah was at Marion to hear Mr. Harding's speech. The concessions that have been made to them have been made to keep them quiet, but nothing has been done to keep Mr. Lodge quiet. He is the real voice and brains of the Republican party as represented in Marion. He proposes to control our relations with Europe, with Mexico and the rest of the world outside of our boundaries, and if Harding becomes President, no doubt he will.



MR. HARDING is funny about the League. He does not seem to have one clear idea in all his blessed bean on

that subject except that the League of Nations as compounded with the complicity of Mr. Wilson was fine to beat, and that we must never get into it. He calls it "a military alliance which menaces peace and threatens all freedom," something "conceived for world super-government, and intolerably urged by its Administration sponsors." The Republicans of the Senate, he said, "halted the barter of independent American eminence and influence," and he is not for having that particular trade reopened. Mr. Lodge having saved the country, Mr. Harding is for having it remain rescued.



YET Mr. Harding has an uneasy sense that to keep us out of the League isn't quite enough, and that something ought to be done to mediate our reputation as quitters. "There is a genuine aspiration in every American breast," he says, "for a tranquil friendship with all the world," and he goes on in that vein for one newspaper column, quite sloppy, to reach the "big, practical, unselfish way to do our part," which he says is very simple. And this is how Harding would do it. First, he says, "I promise you formal and effective peace so quickly as a Republican Congress can pass its declaration for a Republican Executive to sign"—which means another Knox bill. Then: "With a Senate advising as the Constitution contemplates, I would hopefully approach the nations of Europe and of the earth, proposing that understanding which makes us a willing participant in the consecration of nations to a new relationship, to commit the moral forces of the world, America included, to peace and international justice, still leaving America free, independent and self-reliant, but offering friendship to all the world."

It was reported about the middle of last

month that Hoover had been out to see Harding and had come back using language unsuitable for publication. Hoover came out as a Republican in order to give Republicans a chance to vote for the League of Nations in the California primaries. He swallowed the Chicago platform with the hope that the Republican performance would be better than the prospectus. At this writing it has not transpired whether or not he has also swallowed the Republican candidate. For a beginning Republican, Mr. Hoover has had pretty difficult feats put up to him.



MR. HARDING'S style of writing, acquired doubtless in the practice of the newspaper calling in Marion, is the sort best adapted to fill editorial space without getting the paper into trouble. It is not a very lively style. He uses long words and as many of them as his sentences will carry. That does not much affect his ability to be a useful President if the voters will have him, but he ought without delay to hire a condenser to boil down his public talk and omit all words and sentences that don't say anything. He calls "to all the people for thrift and economy, for denial and sacrifice." He would do well to begin himself by thrift in adverbs and economy in adjectives, self-denial in rhetorical meanderings, and sacrifice of superfluous locutions.

After getting through with the League, he makes about four columns of general suggestions about the conduct of life and Republican government, a good many of which are probably good, though unexciting. One of them is perplexing reading. Speaking of water transportation, he says: "I like that recommitment to thoughts of America first which pledges the Panama Canal, an American creation, to the free use of American shipping. It will add to the American reawakening."

If he means by that that he favors the reopening of the Canal Tolls fight, won so creditably in the first years of Mr. Wilson's first administration, he wants a

very bad thing, unless, indeed, he proposes to maintain the canal as an institution of public benefit, free to all ships of all nations, which might be done.

"I believe," he says, "in the protective-tariff policy, and know that we shall be calling for its saving Americanism again."

Considering that of all countries in the world the United States is the one that least needs succor, Mr. Harding's conception of "saving Americanism" seems a bit narrow. Americanism that is engrossed just now in saving the United States is of very limited worth. It is Europe that needs saving.

Mr. Harding's idea of "America first" seems always to be first at the trough. There is hardly a generous or unselfish idea in his whole speech. He is apparently a decent man, but only a man of rare discernment like Mr. Lodge could find in him the spirit of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt.



AS will have been noticed, Mr. Harding wants not on any account the League of Nations, but a new relation with the world to commit its moral forces to peace and justice, or, as he expresses it elsewhere, "an association of nations, co-operating in sublime accord, to attain and preserve peace through justice rather than force."

That would be first rate, if only we could get it. Mr. Wilson, who hates force as much as anyone can, would rejoice exceedingly in an association of nations co-operating in sublime accord like the heavenly bodies, without anyone to punch them up. If Mr. Harding will fix up a workable article like that and leave it out of doors, Mr. Wilson will beat him to it, infirm as he still is. But the nearest thing to Mr. Harding's "association" that Mr. Wilson could get at Paris was the League, and probably that is the nearest thing that Mr. Harding will ever get. If we don't get into the present League of Nations, we will probably continue to flock by ourselves, or possibly with Mexico and Turkey as companions.



MR. HARDING in reply expressed his belief "in an easy and open way to righteous relationship with Mexico." It seemed to him that the present administration had mishandled the job, but he thought it would "be simple to have a plain and neighborly understanding, merely an understanding about respecting our borders, about protecting the lives and possessions of American citizens, and then the understanding must be faithfully kept."

But suppose it isn't faithfully kept! Suppose there is no authority in Mexico that will hold nails, what then?

Mexico seems to be coming to a better case, and by next March may be co-operating so nearly in sublime accord with the United States that the new administration will be able to let her alone. But Mr. Harding's plan for Mexico discloses such originality of attitude that one almost wants to see him President so as to see what he will do.

Mr. Lodge, in his remarks to Mr. Harding, spoke with feeling and at some length about "Mexico in a state of disorder and disintegration, to which our government has unhappily most liberally contributed," and reminded Mr. Harding that something would have to be done about it.

"No man," he said, "is big enough to run this great republic."

There was much the same feeling for a long time about the war. It was such a big war that no single general was equal to the job of commanding the Allied armies. And yet in final desperation supreme command was given to Marshal Foch, and that turned out to be a good plan.

The idea that our country is so big that it can better be managed by a committee of the Senate than by a President, may turn out to be unsound, even though Senator Lodge and Senator Harding both favor it.



L I F

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Taking Sides

I F



g Sides

XUM



IF GASOLINE GOES MUCH HIGHER

A Tale of Horror *The Haunted House*

THE hideously long night was over. That I had lived through it was something. The material part of it remained—the haunted house stood just as it had stood so long—and I determined, as I emerged on the threshold in the broad light of day, never, never to tell what I had witnessed. The frightfulness of it still clung to me—like a damp web that made me shudder as I recalled that glimmering horror I had felt—but—I must not dwell on that.

No—I would never tell. And I knew in advance what that meant—of the pressure that would be brought to bear on me to tell. But I could not. No one would believe it. And so I passed on up

the street to where Stanton waited for me in his car. I knew he would be there.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, as he looked in my face. "What has happened?"

This was my first intimation that I showed what I had been through. It was known, of course, that I had passed the night there. They took precautions against that. I had passed the two watchmen going out. That they also had not exclaimed was because I had put my hat well over my eyes. They did not speak. They had been ordered not to. That was in the conditions.

Stanton was more than kind. Not another word was spoken. He lifted me gently into the car. The ruin in my face was so plain that I think he feared I would pass away before he could get me home.

At last we were alone in my room. He placed me on the sofa and covered me with a shawl.

"Do you expect to recover?" he groaned.

"Never!" I replied feebly.

"What did you see? Tell me. Your secret is safe."

I hesitated, but Stanton was true blue. My shame would not go out through him.

"That house isn't haunted," I whispered. "But—two Greenwich Village free-verse poets use it at night to write in, and last night they grabbed me as soon as I entered, and read their stuff to me until morning broke."

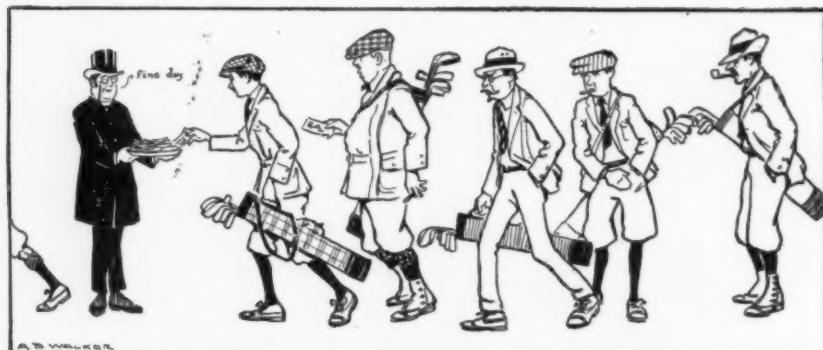
T. L. M.

Triumph of Mind

MRS. HIPPO (*shimmying for her husband*): There! Don't I do it well?

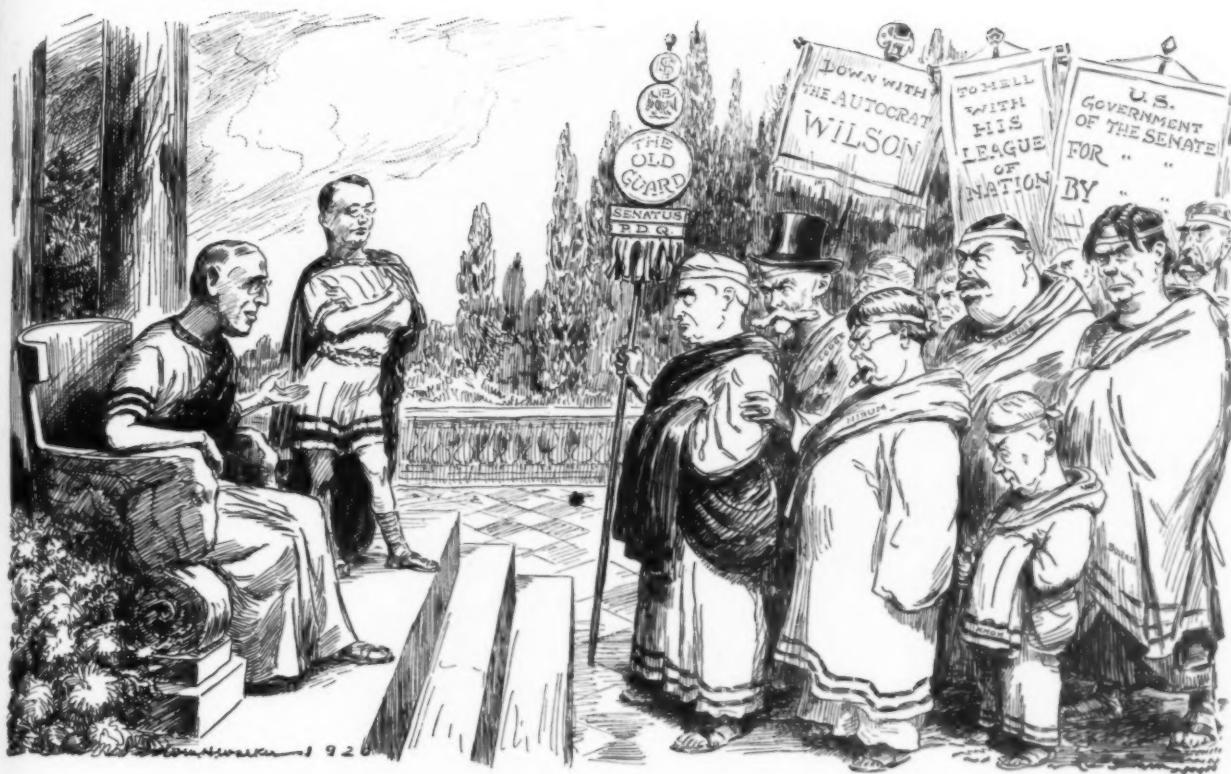
MR. HIPPO: Marvelous, marvelous! Can you show me? *

"Surest thing you know. All you have to do is to keep saying to yourself, 'I am as graceful as a fawn.'"



FOR THE HEATHEN FROM THE HEATHEN

PARSON PRATT WILL NOT BE CHEATED OUT OF HIS SUNDAY MORNING COLLECTION, SO HE WAYLAYS HIS WAYWARD FLOCK ON THEIR WAY TO THE CLUB



"We are all honorable men"

Our Handbook of Professional Gloomerists

Carefully Compiled from Original Sources and Hitherto Unpublished Data Now in the Possession of the Society for Suppression of Tranquillity to the American People

MULLINGAN MURKEYE, ESQ. Politician. (Known among his friends and co-worker's as "the life of the party.") Predicts dire disaster if any other party wins but his own, and calls attention to opposite party with its unparalleled record of corruption, stupidity and gross materialism. Declares that a great crisis confronts us, that we are now at the parting of the ways, and views with alarm those fatal tendencies which are now to be seen, no matter in what direction we look.

J. PEEVERS MONEYBAGS. Financial expert and Wall Street oracle. Declares that our economic structure is now tottering from its base up, that inflation has been setting in rapidly during the past week or so, and that the greatest panic in the history of the human race is due next Thursday afternoon.

REV. BACKSTAIRS BUNCOMBE. Vice crusader and tracker of crime to its fetid lair. Vows that never before has the depravity of woman's clothes been so evident, that the hideous serpent of degeneracy is now gnawing at our vitals, that the home is going or gone, and that those sturdy virtues which have been more or less handed down by our forefathers are now a thing of the past.

SHE knew that no man could love her but a fool.

He was a man.

She did her best to make him capable of loving her.



Mrs. Hippo: DO YOU THINK THIS NEW DRESS IS BECOMING TO ME, EGBERT?

"TO BE FRANK WITH YOU, GWENDOLYN, IT'S MORE BECOMING TO YOU THAN YOU ARE TO IT."

What the Well Dressed Man Won't Wear

Advanced Styles for Those Who Would Rather Be Dead than Unfashionable



Afternoon suit of blue, unfinished worsted with inner lining of genuine lizard. The entire success of this little garment is due to the sophisticated touches of white at the throat and wrists. Cane, spats and boater hat (with appropriate ribbon) are not necessary but desirable.



Refreshing as the evening breeze from the upper deck of a Coney Island steamboat are these slumber robes of Greenwich Village batik. That on the gentlemannequin to the left has a motif of scarlet poppies, richly encrusted upon a shimmering background of Hunter's green number two. The other has the motif of the Freudian complex in B flat. Fudge by the Stickham Sisters' Gift Shoppe; ukulele by Cowperthwaite.



"The Happy Bridegroom." These pajamas de luxe for the tired business man are considered the most successful of their kind ever seen off stage. Of a decidedly Oriental turn, the trousers are caught at the ankle and above and below the knee with black velvet ribbon. The sleeves, adorned with tassels of old gold, are kimono cut. With each "Happy Bridegroom" goes a fully equipped machine-gun squad.



"The Ambassador." This model of the full-dress suit par excellence combines the conservativeness of custom with the distinctiveness of the individual. The bulging front is designed to obtain the ultimate from the festive soup; the balled trousers show a *flair*—or flare for the unusual. The hat, full quart size, is adjustable.



This is our favorite sport model, called "Hercules." The form-fitting hip boots are of canary suede, over which are "shorts" of olive drab pongee. The sash at the waist is Roman, and the bolero (of crimson chiffon) is worn over a white silk shirtee, open at the neck. The hat is of straw, with strawberry streamers. The croquet mallet in the right foreground is retroactive.



*Rider (directing wayfarer): IT'S A GOOD HOTEL, AND VERY REASONABLE.
"REASONABLE! THAT'LL NEVER DO! WHADDAYAH MEAN? LEMME TELL YOU THIS AIN'T NO
REASONABLE BUNCH."*

THE LATEST BOOKS

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN, by Francis Brett Young. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Mr. Young is one of the few of the "younger English novelists" whose quality is determinate, and of the finest, but it is exhibited to far less advantage here than in *The Crescent Moon*. That was a book that no one else, except Joseph Conrad, could have written; but Hugh Walpole or any one of several living Englishmen might have written *The Young Physician*. Why? Simply because the material is so familiar; we have had a lot of novels picturing English boyhoods—public-school life, adolescence, influence of one's natural surroundings, all that. Understand that Mr. Young does it admirably; as well as the best; but he has not the immense values of an original and unexploited field that he had in the Africa of *The Crescent Moon*, nor the help of a tense story with climaxes and a splendid dénouement. *The Young Physician*, particularly in the scenes between Edwin Ingleby and his father, is time well spent. But, we repeat, do not miss reading *The Crescent Moon*!

THE ORDEAL OF MARK TWAIN, by Van Wyck Brooks. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) By far the most valuable book on Mark Twain that has yet appeared, and we think it holds a lesson for all Americans, but especially men and women who are or would be writers. The evidence that Mark Twain was a frustrated genius (in the main) is so complete and convincing that Mr. Brooks could, with advantage, have contented himself with less of it; now and then he is far-fetched in his anxiety to overlook nothing. We are by no means certain that he does not overstate the case against the America of Twain's time, but that is comparatively unimportant; the principal thing is that the case should be stated, and he has done it with remarkable effectiveness. He could have added to his service by pointing out, with some of the plentiful illustrations about us, that what was true of the conditions warping Mark Twain is equally true of the conditions, different but just as powerful, which are warping too many American writers to-day.

FAIRFAX AND HIS PRIDE, by Marie Van Vorst. (Small, Maynard & Co.) A competent, well-rounded novel. Fairfax, of New Orleans, lame, with an artist's talent, comes to the New York of forty years ago, goes to Paris and—takes always with him his Pride. Because its



*Giraffe: DO YOU MIND, DEAR, IF I WEAR YOUR WRIST WATCH AROUND 'MY NECK?'
THE TOWN CLOCK IS OUT OF ORDER*

material is rather off the line of present interest in fiction, this book is in danger of being overlooked.

EASY LESSONS IN EINSTEIN, by Edwin E. Slosson. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.) Lives up to the title. Readable, interesting; most readers will comprehend most of it (which is all that's possible, anyway). You might even be led by it into taking a genuine interest in mathematical physics! Good list of references.

Rhymed Reviews

This Side of Paradise

(By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Chas. Scribner's Sons)

OF Amory let others boast
As brilliant, handsome, great or greater;
I celebrate him as a most Extraordinary osculator.

On meeting any kindly maid,
To introduce himself, he'd kiss her;
But, fie! how soon the fickle blade
Would condescendingly dismiss her!

He let his noble presence give
To Princeton's halls an august blessing.
His fellow students let him live.
(How Princeton must be retrogressing!)

He wrote some poems, rather thin,
Like most young springals—Heaven speed them!
But was it fair to put them in
A book like this to make you read them?

He won the war; then played a part
In further billing, likewise cooing;
But Rosalind she broke his heart,
A thing that really needed doing.

And now at twenty-three or four,
So old, so wise, so proud about it,
So sadly brave, if slightly sore,
He cries, "I know myself!"—I doubt it.

He knows that Pride may have a fall;
That Life hath stings as well as honey;
But can he know himself at all
Who never dreams that he is funny?

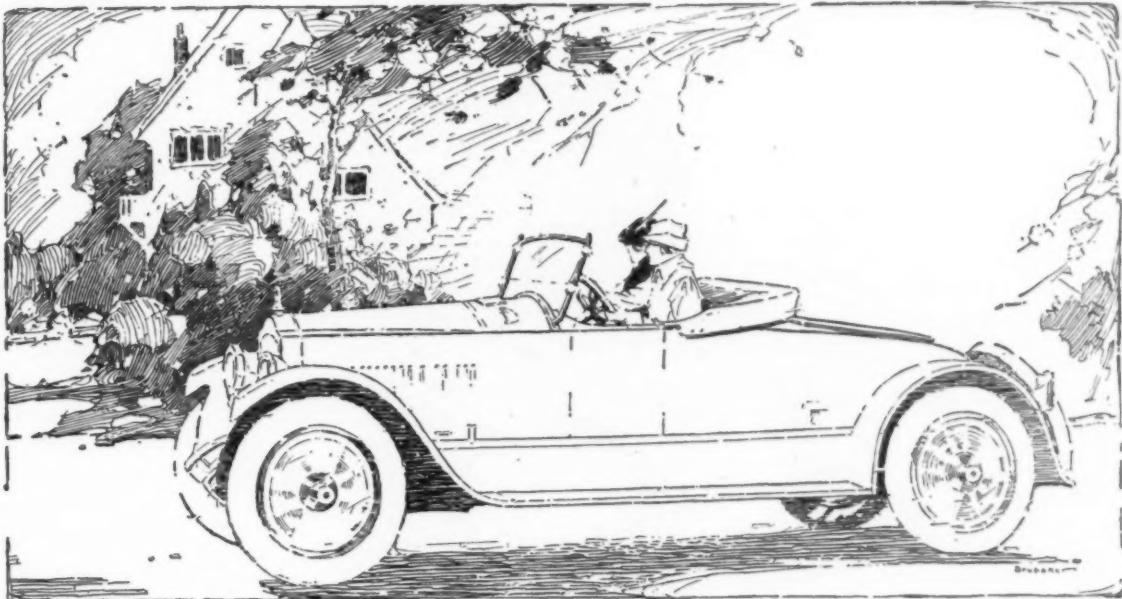
Precocious children, hold! enough!
But will they stop it? Never, never.
They know they write such clever stuff,
But not that it is stuff, though clever.

Arthur Guiterman.

THE VANISHING MEN, by Richard Washburn Child. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) A rapidly moving mystery story, unguessable and 'way above the average in nearly all respects.

FLying the Atlantic in Sixteen Hours, by Sir Arthur Whitten Brown. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.) Only about sixty pages tell the story of Brown and Alcock's flight from Newfoundland to Ireland; and despite the help of Captain Alan Bott it is a dully-told story. The book is bulked out with speculations about the possibilities of aircraft.

Grant M. Overton.



Who is the Judge of Good Taste

AGREAT designer once said: "Good taste comes of wisdom and intuition." What about the design of the average motor car? Is it born of artistic genius or a desire to be different?

It is a question for the motor car buyer to consider. How soon will his car be out of date?

Packard answers the question at once. Packard design is fundamental with the car—not grafted onto it.

Lines may change, and have. But the character of the Packard has not changed for sixteen years.

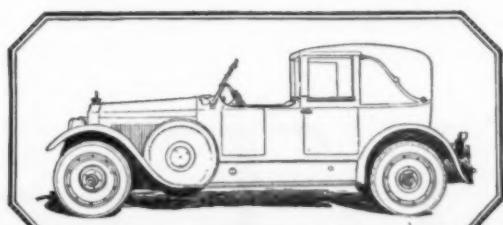
At the Packard plant the first principle of distinction is quality. Hand-buffed, whole-

hide leather for upholstery, instead of machine buffed "splits." Double thick material for tops. Nickeled bronze fittings, designed and made as jewelry might be. Coach work by craftsmen rather than body building by machines.

In the *London Daily Mail* recently an Englishman paid a tribute to the Packard method of building high grade cars. He wrote: "It is for America an expensive car, but, compared with the same class of car at home, it is decidedly cheaper."

The fact of the matter is this: If the Twin-Six were built in Europe with European methods it would be higher priced than even the most expensive European car.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DETROIT



Appearance: Many famous designers have drafted individual bodies for the TWIN-SIX—but one and all have invariably maintained the PACKARD character

THE GENIUS



THE war is over. But there are some of us who will never forget. They, also, who go down to the sea in ships, have long memories. Let us keep them company and take a "sight" through the periscope of Time.

Darkness! The kind of darkness that you feel. In the midst of the Stygian gloom, a little ship, one of Uncle Sam's destroyers. On guard! Somewhere off the coast of France. "Somewhere" is a good word for a night like this.

Add to the black murk a cutting wind with an icy edge to it, a blare of angry waters, and you get a mixture you wouldn't like to prescribe for any man's comfort. But war is only another name for duty. That's why this little destroyer is smashing into the thick of it. And doing a good job, too.

And somewhere aboard that throbbery, panting, leaping ship is a clock. "The ship's chronometer," the navigating officer calls it. But to gob and officer alike it is

a symbol of home. For right there across its shining face is a familiar name—Waltham—a name that is as much a token of Uncle Sam being on the job night and day as the good ship under them. But that's the other part of our story—

Time, in navigation, is as important as the sun and the stars. A reliable chronometer can always be seen in the Chart Room, but the sun does not always shine in the heavens. Small wonder, then, that the chief officer of a ship is so finicky over this timepiece. He guards it, he watches it, he prizes it, above all his possessions. It reckons for him the sea-miles when he has no other reckoning. It is the one friend he can depend upon when the elements league their cyclonic powers of wind and fog and storm against him.

Now the history of the chronometer is more or less a fanciful record of European supremacy. This tradition of the sea had it that the only reliable chronometer was one made either in England or on the continent. But

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

OF WALTHAM

many a tradition has been scrapped by necessity, and this is one of them. And any sailor-man will tell you that tradition in the Navy is as hard to overcome as a United States battleship stripped for action. But wait—

When war was declared there were not enough foreign chronometers to go around. Here was the American craftsman's chance, for which he had been waiting a long, long time. The Navy Department, in the vernacular, was up against it. "Chronometers! Oh, for some chronometers!" was the cry. So the Waltham Watch Company was called upon. "Can you supply the Navy with chronometers?" "Certainly! How many?" The order was given and with Yankee dispatch promptly filled. Indeed, Waltham eventually supplied more chronometers during the war than all other makes combined.

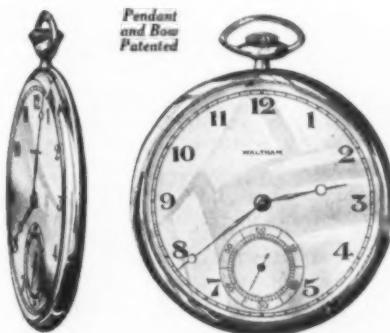
Then it was that the Waltham Chronometer went to sea and shattered forever the cherished tradition of foreign chronometer supremacy by standing up under conditions of war that often put the alien chronometer out of business. And they stood up so consistently that prejudiced old salts in verbal and written praise saluted the performance of this American Keeper of Time upon the Sea.

For instance—imagine an instrument keeping the closest time in a sub chaser, head on in a stormy sea. Every unit of the little ship shaking like a leaf, straining, twisting, being buffeted, beaten. Now, hurled to the crest of a giant wave; anon, plunging like a stricken bird into a yawning pit of swirling water; sometimes lifted bodily, then crashed down like a toy thrown from the hand of a giant—and every moment that delicately adjusted but sturdy Waltham Chronometer ticking the fleeting seconds, unconcerned except with the business of keeping time—correct time, for the gallant lads who put their trust in this Watch Over Time while they kept their watch above or below deck.

This was the acid test. But when we stop to think of it, Waltham had been preparing for over seventy years for our country's emergency—because of Waltham invention in watch making, because of advancement unto advancement in the art of developing time-keeping mechanisms, and those miracle-working machines that cannot be found or duplicated elsewhere in all the world, giving America precedence in this important industry. This, we believe, was true preparedness; this was Waltham's pride and honor, in vindicating the sinew and ability of American Industry in war's fiery challenge, as no less the Waltham Watch has sustained American supremacy at the great Expositions in times of peace.

We should be remiss if we forgot the mighty dead — those sons of genius who labored long years in Waltham laboratories for the glory of America,—Charles Van de Woerd, Duane H. Church, Charles Whitney, John Logan and others. "They rest from their labors, but their works do follow them." And no less those master American mechanics, Marsh and Ohlson (the inventor of the Waltham Time Fuse), who are still adding lustre to the fame of the American Waltham Watch all over the world.

As Americans we should have long memories. It is inspiring to review the past. We have much to elate us, to help us, "carry on," to produce more and still more, to supply the world with the work of our brains and hands. For in labor, well and cheerfully done, is our health, wealth and happiness.



WALTHAM COLONIAL A
Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy

Maximus movement 21 jewels
Riverside movement 19 jewels

\$200 to \$325 or more
depending upon the case

*This story is continued in a beautiful booklet in which you will find a liberal watch education.
Sent free upon request. Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.*

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME



A Letter of Introduction

The T—— Film Company have just received a letter which reads:

"DEAR MISTER,—I want to be a Filim star very badly. I have been a daily 'elp, and durin' the war i was a winder cleaner. Now im an orfan. They tell me i must get divorced first, but i cant do that as i never been married, but my mother don't live with father. Write and let me know if that will 'elp me. They ain't really me mother an' father 'cause they both died afore i was born."—*Tit-Bits.*

Uplift

"You poor, poor woman!" exclaimed the lady uplifter. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the slum dweller. "Set down on that broken chair an' tell me what all them fine clothes of yours cost."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

A GREAT many American highways named for famous men remain in such a state as to suggest the possibility that those who named them imagined the great men as being the sort who deserved, for the protection of the innocent, to wear the warning sign: "Detour."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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CUPID'S BOW

The Benefit of the Doubt

"Football guide, sir?" said the street vendor to the burly man who was hurrying to the match.

"No," replied the latter.

"All the news, photos of players, and—"

"No, I tell yer."

"Past records, fixtures, and—"

"Get out!"

"Information worth a quid—"

Out shot the burly one's foot, and the next moment the youth was sitting in the gutter. Slowly he rose, smiled sadly, held up a football guide, and continued:

"No, but puttin' all jokin' on one side, mister, d'yer want a football guide?"

He could resist no longer.

—*North China Standard.*

Self-Praise

SMITH: You seldom see such beautiful golf as that man plays. His drives were corking, his approaches superb and he never missed a putt.

JONES: How much were you beaten by?

SMITH: Why, I won!—*Cartoons.*

A Backhander

MRS. SCRAPLEY: I really don't know what would happen, Richard, if ever you agreed with me on any subject.

SCRAPLEY: Something serious, probably, for we'd be dead wrong.

—*Boston Transcript.*

ANOTHER recent radical change: The man wearing old clothes nowadays is mad if you don't notice it.—*Kansas City Star.*

YOU know that motoring expenses have doubled—that fuel costs are beyond precedent.

There is but one answer to the problem of gas conservation—the New Stromberg Carburetor. It solves it by piling up additional mileage per gallon of fuel consumed. Produces more power and speed. Does these things under every-day-in-the-year travel conditions.

Complete facts may be had for the asking. Write now. Be sure to state name, year and model of your motor car.

Stromberg Motor Devices Company
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CARBURETOR

FOX'S "F.P." PUTTEES

For camping, hunting and outdoor sports, wear Fox's Spine Puttees. Made on a curve, of the best English wool, they fit the leg in smart, neat spirals. They will not fray or ravel at the edge like ordinary puttees. They are waterproof and very durable. In khaki, forest green, cadet blue, etc.

The genuine Fox's—the puttee of the world—have a small brass tag with the name and the letter R or L, for right or left leg, on each puttee. If your dealer hasn't them we'll supply you direct.

Regulation Heavy Weight, \$4.00; Extra Fine Light Weight, \$4.50; Extra Fine Light Shade, \$5.00.

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All Regular Men finally come to the Right Thing

CONSIDER the tremendous progress that has been made in shaving methods within the last generation.

Until the invention of the Gillette, no man ever dared to shave without stropping his razor before every shave.

Today, twenty million men never think of stropping and honing their razor blades.

Finding the Gillette blade a finer edge than they ever got with stropping or honing. Shave after

shave with the same blade—and putting in a new blade once in a while. The complete and final solution to all their shaving problems.

It is the keenest, most lasting, most economical shaving edge ever produced.

There are two hundred and fifty thousand Gillette Dealers in this country. And among their most friendly customers are the men who come in regularly to get Gillette Blades.

No Stropping—No Honing

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TRADE KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

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• Canadian Factory:
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Buenos Aires

Sydney
Shanghai
Singapore
Calcutta

Saloniki
Port Elizabeth
Rio de Janeiro
Tokyo

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

Ad Nauseam

A bride of a few months was deplored the treatment of her husband to her mother, and between her sobs was saying:

"You see, mother, I've only been married a few months, and George goes out nearly every night and leaves me all alone."

Her mother did her best to comfort her.

"You must not upset yourself, my dear," she said. "How little you know of the real trials of life, and little do you know what I have suffered. Why, your father has never gone out at all!"—*Tit-Bits*.

Good Sports

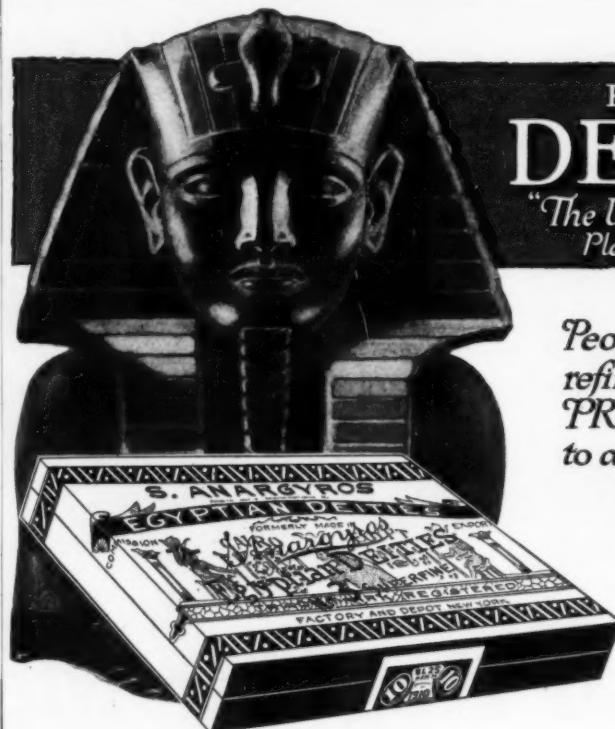
"Them two 'ens I shut up in the coop together have laid three eggs."

"What awfully good sports! One must have laid the other two to one."

—Windsor.

BROWN: What's old Jones doing now?

ROBINSON: Oh, he's working his son's way through college!—*London Mail*.



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Shake Into Your Shoes
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The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet,

for Tired, Swollen, Smarting, Tender Feet, Corns, Bunions, Blisters, Callouses. It freshens the feet and makes walking easy. 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our army and navy during the war. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold everywhere.



Free Speeches

William Lyon Phelps, professor of English Literature at Yale, declares he gets credit for only twenty-five per cent. of the after-dinner speeches he actually make. "Every time I accept an invitation to speak I really make four addresses. First, is the speech I prepare in advance. That is pretty good. Second, is the speech I really make. Third, is the speech I make on the way home, which is the best of all; and fourth is the speech the newspapers next morning say I made, which bears no relation to any of the others."—*New York Tribune*.

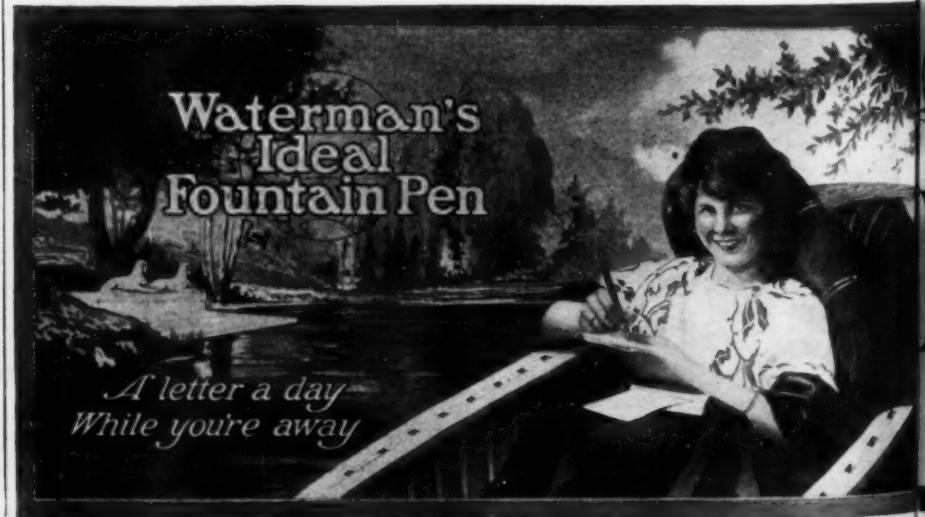
THE joke is on old Ed Howe of Atchison who several years ago named his Atchison County home "Potato Hill," because it was a homely, democratic, almost proletarian name.—*Kansas City Star*.

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION





Health and Long Life for Your Automobile

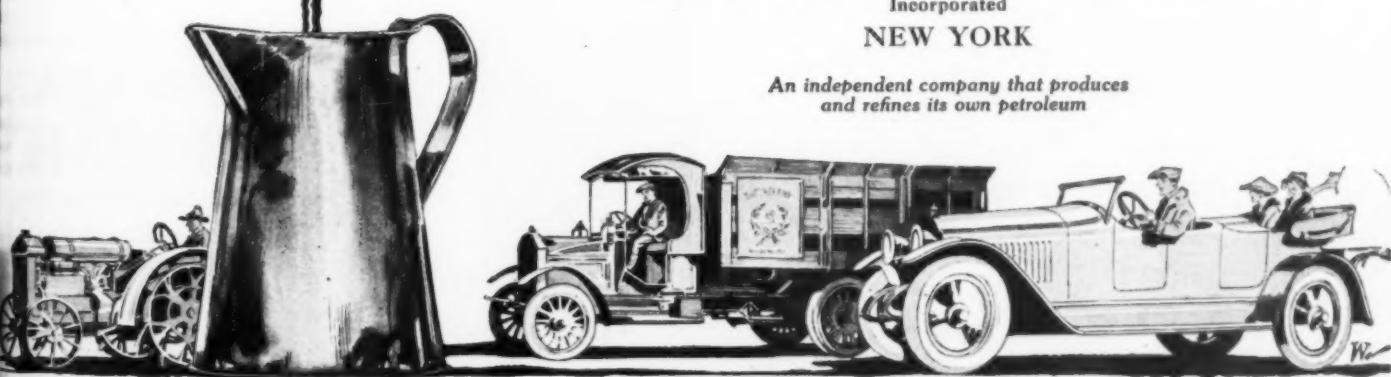
Neither heat nor wear will break up the protecting film of Havoline Oil. It keeps your motor running smoothly and at the least cost. It makes a difference in the lasting value of your car. Ask for your grade and in its sealed containers.

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you wear it—
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Revised Version

WHEN a woman takes the platform
And commences to orate
In the very newest hat form
And habiliments ornate,
Then a man's complexion bleaches
And his heart begins to fail,
For the female of the *speeches*
Is more deadly than the male.

WHITING-ADAM BRUSHES

THREE WINNERS

Made of highest grade pure hog
bristles—stiff and elastic; velvet-like ends.

Perfect working; long wearing
brushes.

Never fail or shed bristles. Guar-
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MOTTO for Dr. John Roach Stratton:
"Where angels fear to tread."

Motto for a long-suffering public:
"United we stand for a lot, divided we
fall for it."

Motto for an honest butcher: "The
nearer the bone the dearer the meat."

Motto for equally honest grocer: "A
weigh with false measures."

Motto for lounge lizard: "He who
hesitates is behind the dance styles."



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Year⁹⁹

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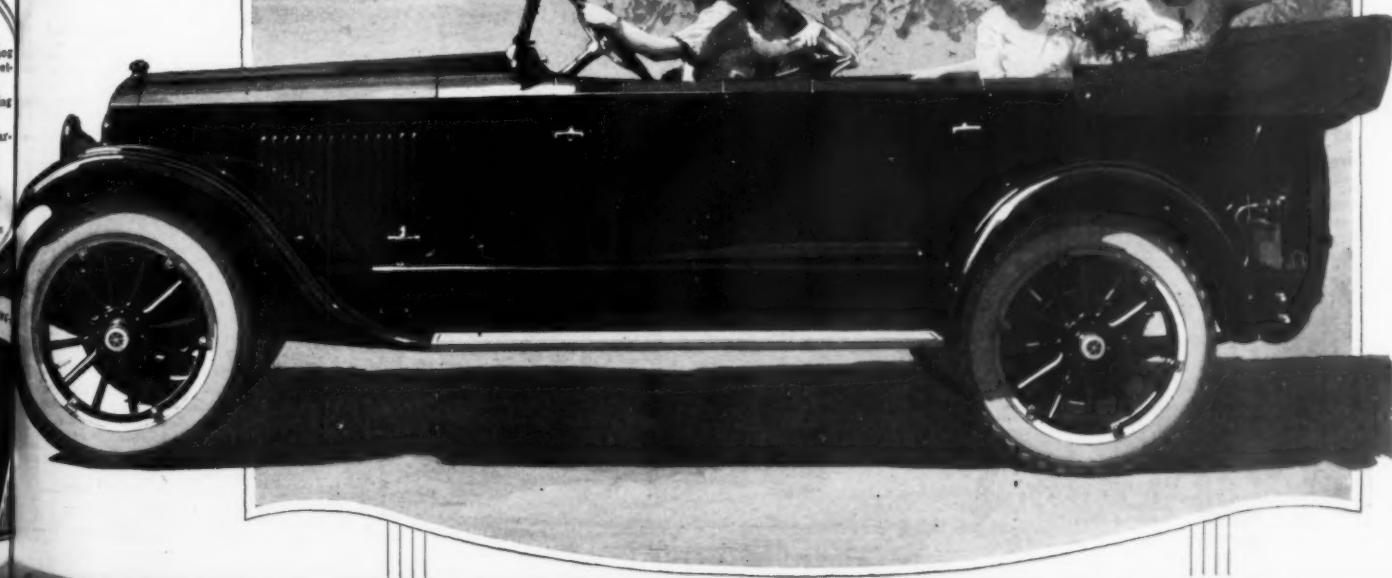
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F. O. B. Detroit

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HOSE SUPPORTERS

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WHEN buying your favorite corset if you find it has not this kind of supporter, request your corsetiere to replace the others with Velvet Grip "Sew-Ons." They will gladly do so.

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Velvet—conveys the idea of softness, free from rough surfaces.

Grip—the idea of a firm hold, like that of a friend, while in combination

Velvet Grip

is suggestive of softness and comfort, combined with firmness, stability and strength—the dominant characteristics of our product.

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Ask for them at the Notion, Hosiery or Corset Department.

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Makers of the famous Boston Garter for Men, "Pin-Ons" for Children and the "Baby Midget."

The All Rubber Oblong Button
Prevents Slipping and Ruthless Ripping

Shave With Cuticura Soap The New Way Without Mug

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"The New South's Young City of Destiny."
New paper mill cost \$1,500,000; Y. W. C. A. Bldg., \$35,000; Y. M. C. A., \$50,000; Armory, \$12,000.

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THE man with a consuming grievance died.

"I had in me all the elements of greatness. But Fate, the System, Success—these conspired against me at every turn."

The Angel of Truth, to whom no power may lie, took up the case. In due time he reported: "The observation ward for you, friend. Conspiracy? I find, by strictest search, that Fate, the System and Success never even dreamed that you existed."

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The Song of the Telephone Girl

RAIN, rain, go away!
All the ladies want to play;
And since they can't, at home they stay
And use their phones the livelong day.

Gray Hair Ended In From 4 to 8 Days



T. Goldman's through the hair. In from 4 to 8 days every gray hair will be gone.

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Scientific Hair Color Restorer

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Send the coupon for a trial bottle and one special comb. Be sure and give the exact color of your hair. Try it on a lock of hair. Compare the results and the pleasure of using with the old way. Send in the coupon now.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1922 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Mary T. Goldman, 1922 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is black.... jet black.... dark brown.... medium brown.... light brown....

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SIMPLY place a small quantity of this delightful burning powder in a burner and apply a match. It will immediately ignite and diffuse a dreamy fragrance most pleasing to the senses. When burned in reception hall, its perfume will pervade the upper rooms, purifying the air by absorbing all odors. In the boudoir, its soothing perfume is said to induce restful sleep, and when burned near clothes closet or press, will impart a most pleasing odor to all clothing, draperies, etc.

Sold by the best shops everywhere, in sets consisting of artistic burner and package of incense, at \$1.50, or separately in unique packages at 75c, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Should your dealer not have it, write us, sending his name and we shall see that you are supplied.

Write for "Acquaintance Packet," containing a generous sample. It is mailed postpaid upon request. Address Dept. L.

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HOSEIERY
for MEN

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SHAW STOCKING CO. Lowell, Mass.

Confidence

Playing a Dunlop 29 or 31 means better golf.

YOU know the ball is so good that you trust it every shot you play, and you play each shot the better because of your trust.

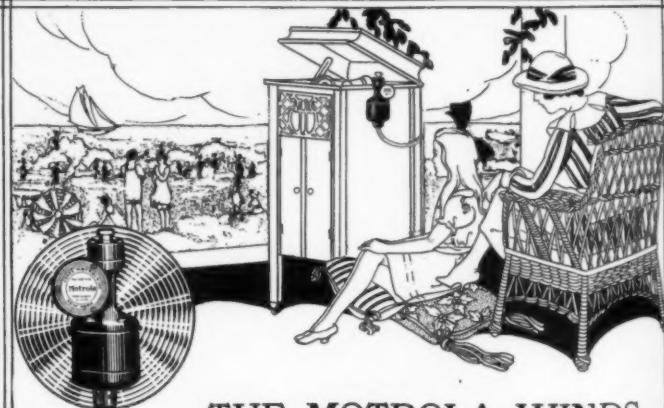
Price \$1.10 each—\$13.20 per dozen

Dunlop America, Limited
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Mile
VIOLETS
DELICATELY SCENTED GOLD TIPPED
CIGARETTES
25¢ for 10
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THE MOTROLA WINDS YOUR PHONOGRAPH BEST— *Just Touch the Button—It Does the Rest!*

Seashore sports seem incomplete without the newest song hits and the latest jazz records. The MOTROLA fits all makes of phonographs, winds to the proper tension, and is positive in operation.

Ask your dealer to show you how the MOTROLA works, or write to us for the name of the nearest MOTROLA DEALER.

JONES-MOTROLA, Inc.
29 W. 35th St. • 57 E. Jackson Blvd. • 315 S. Broadway
New York Chicago Los Angeles

Organization—Equipment—Knowing-how Produces the new Leland-built Lincoln Car

In this day of big things, what more magic words than these: "Organization," "Equipment," "Knowing-how"?

Without them is nothing great accomplished. With them, nothing seems impossible.

Many are the stories of vast achievement in the world mechanical; among them is a story not widely known, yet a story for whose parallel you would seek far to find.

In order to understand the possibility of that achievement, let us hark back some thirty to forty years.

Then, Henry M. Leland was a conspicuous figure in New England's higher Craftsmanship.

Some years before, he had left his boyhood home on the farm in Vermont, and gone to Worcester, Mass., where he engaged as an apprentice. He became a workman at the bench, but not for long, because he soon compelled recognition as an artisan of an uncommon kind. He showed an ability to do things—to do them differently, and to do them better than they had been done before.

He became a machinery salesman, and an unusual one, because he was more than a salesman.

He knew, too, how to install and to teach the operating of the machines he sold.

Manufacturers sought his counsel. They engaged him to re-organize their equipment and their men.

He knew how to increase production, not by oppressive, but by progressive methods. He did two more things, which to those who do not know him and his methods, may seem anomalous or impossible—yet he did them.

Besides increasing volume, he actually reduced production costs, and at the same time bettered infinitely the quality of the things produced.

He had a knack and a penchant for doing things while others were saying they could not be done. His was supreme delight to bring order out of chaos.

Many are the great establishments today which owe the foundation of their prestige and their success largely to the organizing, producing and quality-building genius of Henry M. Leland.

He is credited with a multitude of "crowning achievements," because he has made it a life principle always to do things better than they had been done before.

His generalship in organization is strikingly exemplified in that of the Lincoln Motor Co., although he maintains that Wilfred C. Leland, who has been his mainstay and close associate

for many years, assumed a large share of the responsibilities; and to its success he also attributes the loyal, skillful and effective co-operation of his thousands of other associates.

In the year 1890 the Lelands came from New England to Detroit, where for a number of years they engaged in the manufacture of the finer kinds of machinery and precious tools. They were among the pioneers in the making of gasoline, marine and automobile engines; and after eighteen years, many of those engines are still in service—a tribute to the Leland ways of doing.

Shortly after our country became involved in the world conflict, the vital need for air-

Thousands of America's most skilled craftsmen tendered their co-operation and their services. Many of the men, particularly the executives, were men whom the Lelands knew and who knew them, through many years' association; and they were anxious to enlist under their banner.

Never in their lives, say the Lelands, have they seen such a vast organization get into working harmony with so little delay and so little friction.

The efficiency of that organization can best be appreciated when it is realized that in seven months and three days after starting with nothing, they assembled their first motor. In ten months thereafter, and with 6,000 employees, the Lincoln Motor Co. was producing at the rate of 50 motors per day.

In contrast with these Leland methods, the leading English manufacturer, with three years' aircraft experience and 10,000 employees, had required a week to produce the quantity of motors which the Lincoln organization had produced in a single day.

Within eleven months from the day production of completed motors began, the Lincoln Motor Co. had established the record of producing the largest number of motors in a day, the largest number in a month and the largest total produced by any manufacturer from the beginning; and those who know the story of Liberty motor building know the rivalry for that record.

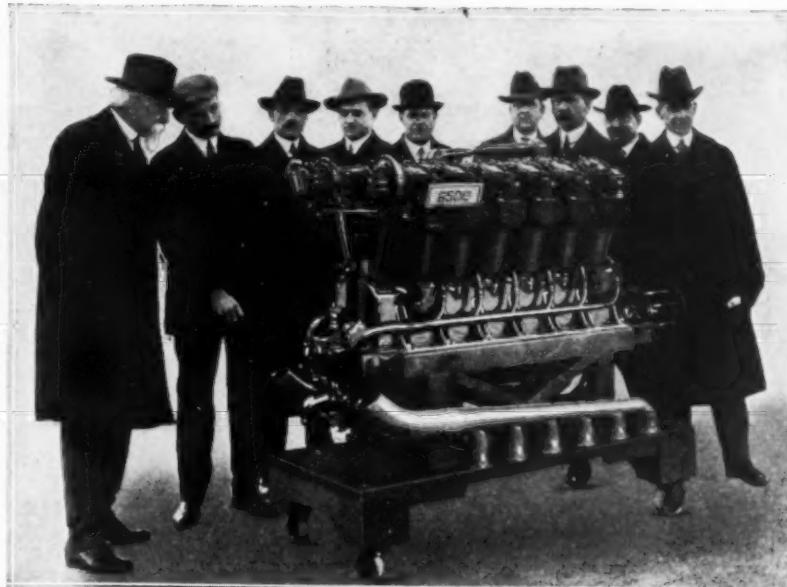
The quality of Leland-built Lincoln Liberty motors has been attested by tributes and in ways which could not be misunderstood; and, too, the Lincoln Motor Co. was able to render assistance of immeasurable value of those less favorably schooled.

Assembling and harmonizing an organization expeditiously, for doing things in a big way and doing them right, is, like everything else—no matter how difficult it may seem—a plain, simple matter of "knowing-how."

This is simplified when the executive and his chief assistants in things mechanical, can go into the shops, and with their own hands perform practically every task and operation, from the ground work to the finished product.

Such is the skill and genius; such is the organization that is producing the new Leland-built car—the car destined to chart the future course of fine car making—the car destined to prove another "crowning achievement"—the car destined once more to demonstrate Leland determination and Leland ability to surpass.

LINCOLN MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICH.



Henry M. Leland, Wilfred C. Leland and some of their Chief Associates, viewing the 6500th Lincoln Liberty Aircraft Motor

Of these nine men, seven have been in continual relation for 12 years; five for 21 years and three for 27 years

A Duplicate of this Motor is now in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., where it will stand for all Time, a Monument to and an Example of the world's finest Craftsmanship

craft so forcibly impressed itself upon the Lelands that they severed their many years' affiliation with the motor car industry in order that they might undertake the production of Liberty airplane motors for the allied fighting forces. This they did in July, 1917.

With absolutely nothing in the way of plant or equipment, they received the government's first award for the building of these motors—and faith in the men and their ability was the government's sole assurance.

Capital was interested, and much volunteered. The Lincoln Motor Co. was formed. Fifty-two acres of land were acquired. An adequate plant was erected and equipped in record time. A vast amount of machinery was designed, built and installed. Tools to the extent of 6,522 separate and distinct designs, aggregating 91,807 in number, were made.

In other words

Camels supply everything you hoped for in cigarettes!



YOUR taste will prove that in quality, flavor, fragrance and mellow ness Camels give you a real idea of how delightful a cigarette can be! You will greatly prefer Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos to either kind of tobacco smoked straight.

Camels hand out satisfaction you never before got from a cigarette. They have a wonderful smooth but satisfying mildness yet that desirable body is all there! And, Camels do not tire your taste!

Another feature about Camels—they leave no unpleasant cigarettey aftertaste nor unpleasant cigarettey odor.

Camels superiority is best proved by comparing them with any cigarette in the world at any price. You realize then as you never did before just what quality can mean to a cigarette!

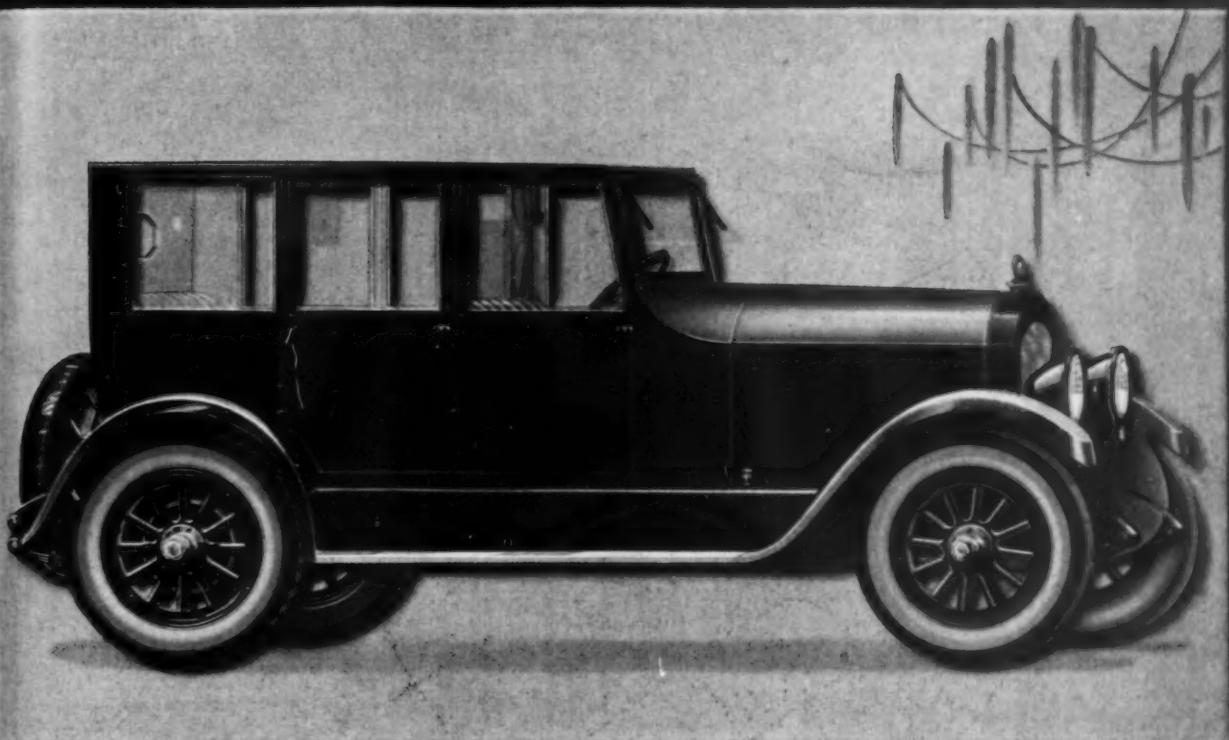
Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PETER J. CAREY, PRINTER

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CORRECTLY PROPORTIONED-BALANCED TO ZERO
15000 MILES ON ORIGINAL TIRES



COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A.

Creators of Advanced Motor Cars



PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

Rounds

Capt. X's idea from "over there"—a round cigarette that does not have to be tapped, squeezed or loosened. Made from the famous PALL MALL blend of 42 kinds of Turkish Tobaccos. Read the story of Captain X.

20 Pall Mall Rounds (plain ends) in the new foil pkge. 50c

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PALL MALL (REGULAR) PLAIN OR CORK, IN BOXES OF 10, 50, 100 AS USUAL

